CARTOONIST PROfiles

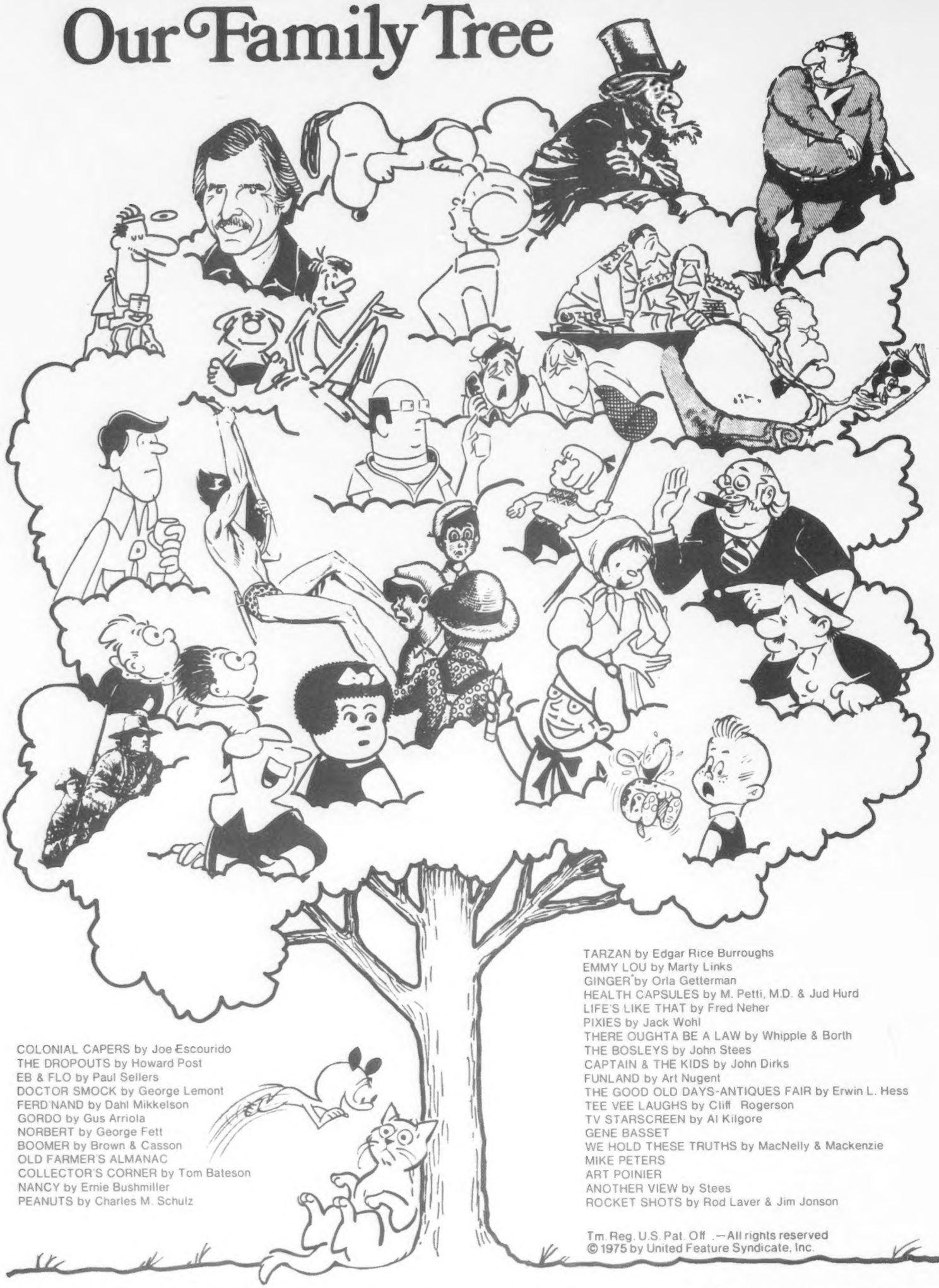
MUSEO NACIONAL de ANTHROPOLOGIA - MEXICO 1974

Fig. 28 – Beel Gaines XOCHIPILLI
PRINCE OF FLOWERS, GOD OF LOVE AND DANCE

As many of our readers know, BILL GAINES, the Publisher of MAD Magazine, opens his checkbook each year and treats the MAD gang to a fantastic trip to some faraway clime. And after they return home, in appreciation of Bill's largesse, each artist makes a special drawing for a commemorative scrapbook which is always presented to him with appropriate fanfare. For our cover this issue, Bill has been kind enough to open that scrapbook and let us see the painting which MAD cover artist, Norman Mingo, presented to him at the conclusion of the 1974 trip to Mexico. Incidentally, in this issue you will find a PROfile of Norman Mingo who immortalizes Alfred E. Neuman on MAD covers.

Issue 26, JUNE 1975 $3

Our Family Tree



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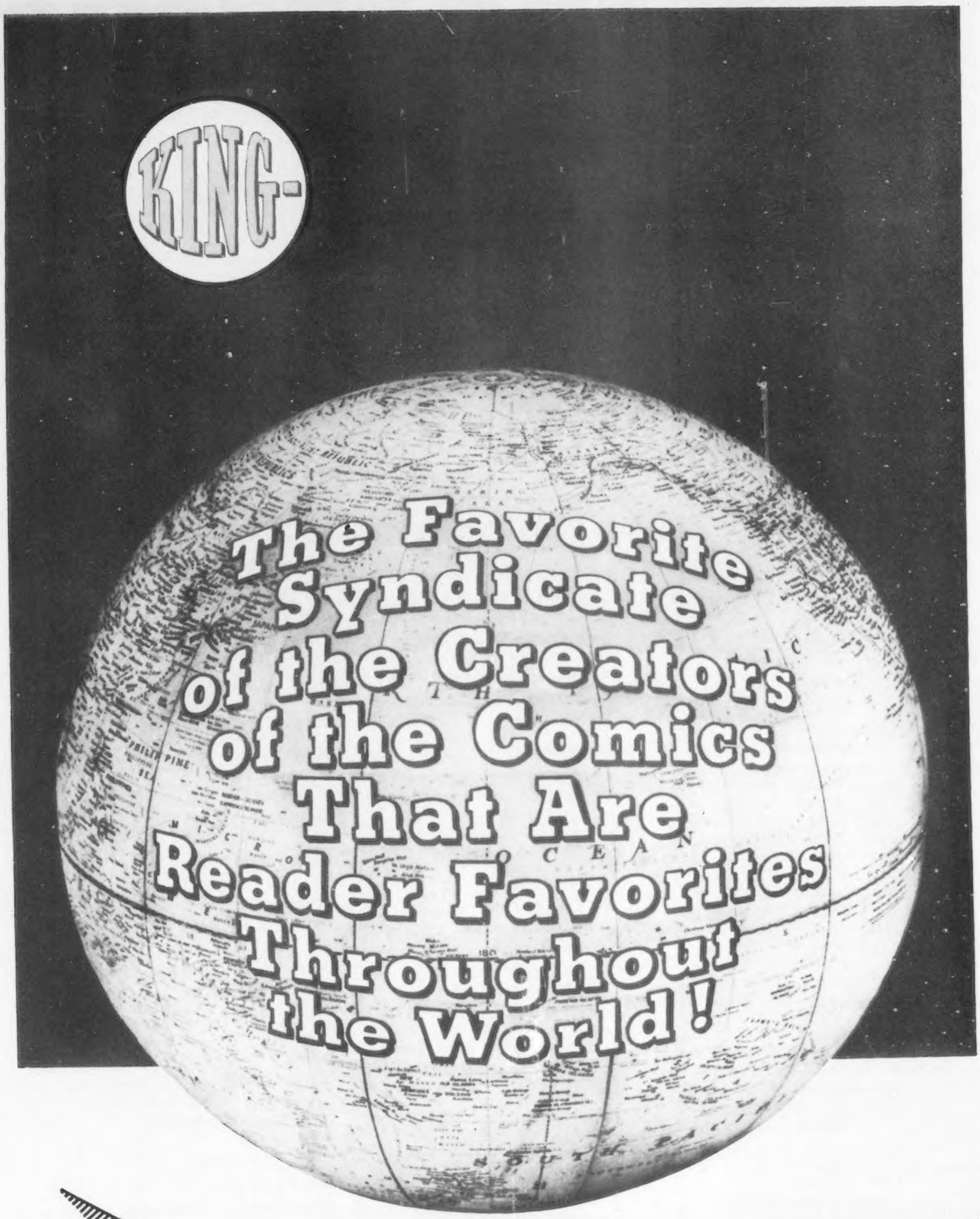

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TV
THAT'S IT IN A NUT SHELL, FOLKS!
WELL PROMOTE ME, MAN, PROMOTE ME.
NEWSPAPERS
The COMICS
CHESTER GOULD
1975

DOONESBURY
by GB Trudeau

Just as we were going to press with this issue, word came through of a very important milestone in our profession — DOONESBURY, created by GARRY TRUDEAU for the Universal Press Syndicate, had won this year's PULITZER PRIZE for editorial cartooning! Needless to say, this is the very first time ever that a comic strip has been awarded this high honor, and the fact that the prize is in the editorial cartoon category will occasion much interesting discussion in the days to come. Congratulations from all of us, Garry!

YOUR CZARSHIP, THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL UNCONFIRMED REPORTS LATELY THAT YOU ARE CONSIDERING SETTING UP A PROGRAM OF CONSUMER INCENTIVES..
© 1974 G. B. Trudeau
UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE
THE REPORTS ARE TRUE, MR. MEARS. WE HAVE DEVELOPED SEVERAL NEW INCENTIVES RECENTLY TO ENCOURAGE CONSUMERS TO CUT DOWN ON THEIR CONSUMPTION OF ENERGY.
FOR EXAMPLE, I AM INSTRUCTING THE NATION'S GAS DEALERS TO GIVE MOTORISTS ONE FREE 8 OZ. TUMBLER FOR EVERY PURCHASE UNDER $2.00.
TUMBLERS, SIR?
YES. THESE ATTRACTIVE SMOKE-GREEN GLASSES ARE VIRTUALLY UNBREAKABLE AND MAKE WONDERFUL GIFTS..
GBTrudeau

CARTOONIST PROfiles

Editor: JUD HURD

Photos by Jim Ruth

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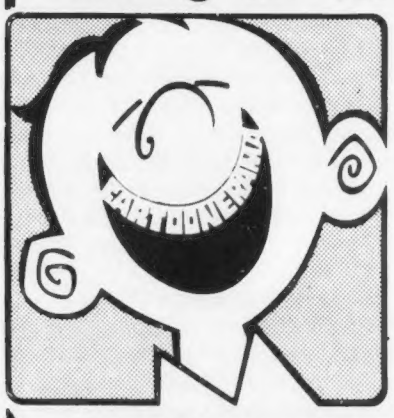

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CARTOONIST PROfiles is published quarterly (March, June, September, December) by CARTOONIST PROfiles Inc. Subscriptions and correspondence pertaining to them should be addressed to CARTOONIST PROfiles, P.O. Box 325, Fairfield, Connecticut 06430. Editorial office of publication is located at 281 Bayberry Lane, Westport, Connecticut 06880. Subscription Rates: U.S. $8.00 yearly — Canada $9.00 — Foreign $10.00
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ROGER BRADFIELD

With wife, Joan. They have been married 25 years.

ROGER BRADFIELD, who creates the popular DOOLEY'S WORLD strip for KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, is a writer and illustrator of children's books, has had long experience doing advertising drawings for major agencies and clients, has written textbooks for the 'Art Instruction Schools' in Minneapolis, and is currently writing a series of 28 TV spots for General Mills. He and his wife, Joan, and their family live in Santa Barbara, California. Recently Roger talked about his career for CARTOONIST PROfiles.

Q: Where did you receive your art training, Roger?

A: I attended the Minneapolis School of Art for a year and a half just after World War 2. I was interested in commercial art then, and very enthusiastic about all my classes — from life drawing to lettering. I was even more enthusiastic about a beautiful little blond in one of those classes — her name was Joan Jurgens at the time, but after leaving school and getting a job I changed it to Joan Bradfield.

She was — and still is — a wonderful artist with excellent taste. Well, maybe her taste in husbands could be questioned, but in other areas she is unbelievable. Over the years she has given me five great kids — a boy, Steve, now married, and four nifty daughters — Kari, Cindy, Suzy and Heidi.

Q: What was the job you got after art school?

A: I was lucky to get a job as a layout artist in the Minneapolis office of B.B.D.O. At the time, it was the top agency in town and I was awfully proud of working there, even though I didn't have much responsibility.

Q: Did you stay there long?

A: No — one day I discovered that I could get more schooling on the G.I. Bill, and that I could enroll in any school that would accept me.

As a result, we went to Paris and I attended the Academie Julian for a year. By a stroke of good fortune, Joan got a job teaching art at the American School of Paris. Her students were children of the people stationed at the embassy and of the royalty of various countries who happened to be in Paris at the time. She enjoyed it and did a good job.

Q: What was the Academie Julian like?

A: Mostly life classes — which I enjoyed. The instruction was in French, which I also enjoyed but couldn't understand. Since no attendance records were kept, I spent a good deal of

DOOLEY'S WORLD®

DOOLEY'S WORLD *by ROGER BRADFIELD*

DOOLEY'S WORLD

by ROGER BRADFIELD

WHAT'S ALL THAT WHITE STUFF FLUTTERING ON THE SCREEN?
THAT'S CALLED "SNOW," DOOLEY
HE DID IT AGAIN! HE MADE SENSE!
-IT'S NATURE'S WAY OF LETTING YOUR MOTHER KNOW IT'S TIME TO DEFROST THE TV
YOU WERE SAYING?
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4-7
BRADFIELD

time wandering around Paris, sketching. Looking back, this probably had more influence on my eventual style (or lack of style!) than anything else.

Q: What next?

A: Then we crossed the Channel to London and I attended still another school, The Heatherly School Of Art. During that time I sold cartoons to Punch and Lilliput, and did a bit of illustrating for the European edition of Good Housekeeping.

It was a great time in our lives and we both grew very fond of the English and their country.

Back then, Ronald Searle was just coming into prominence and I still remember how thrilled I was when he gave me a drawing he had done for Punch. It is still hanging in my studio.

Our son was born in London, and this probably influenced our decision to return to the States about a year later.

Q: Did you head for New York?

A: I had planned on looking for work in an agency or studio there, but when our ship docked and I looked up at all those tall buildings, I think I lost my nerve.

It wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for all those thousands and thousands of *windows*... I just knew that behind at least half of them were artists far more talented than I. Even today, whenever I am in New York, I look up at all those windows and shudder.

Q: Did you return to Minneapolis?

A: Yes. I knew from experience that there were less windows there. It turned out to be a good move, I guess, as there was plenty of commercial work available. Minneapolis was an exceptionally good town (and perhaps still is) for commercial artists because there were so many national clients headquartered there... General Mills, 3M, Hamms, Pillsbury — the list was a long one.

Q: What type of work did you specialize in?

A: Mostly decorative illustration for ads. Eventually I got into package design and did all of Hiram Walker's gift packaging for six years. Then came a period when I spent most of my time on packages for General Mills, Cheerios, Trix, Wheaties, Bisquick, etc. They had an endless line of products that were continually being altered or re-designed.

Bernie Flynn, in charge of packaging for GM at the time, came to be a good friend. He was a fine designer himself, and could coax the best out of an artist. I think an artist is extremely lucky if, during his career, he is privileged to work under two or three really great art directors or editors. It can make a big difference.

Q: Were you freelancing all this time?

A: Most of it. I joined a studio for a couple of years and really enjoyed working with a group- but, unlike some artists, I missed having direct contact with my clients, so I eventually went back solo.

I finally built a studio at home so I could be with the family more. Luckily, I'm not one of those artists who can't stand noise and/or interruptions. Kids and dogs wandering through my studio get either ignored or read to or drawn for — but never kicked out. Maybe I've turned in a few jobs smeared with peanut butter, but I can't remember ever having one refused for that reason.

Q: I understand you've written a lot of children's books.

A: Yes, I got started doing that about ten years ago. Actually, I was trying to teach myself how to type. The exercises in the book were so boring that I decided that writing a story would be more interesting and achieve the same results.

My first story, AN ELEPHANT IN THE BATHTUB, sold to Western Publishing, and after a few more for them, I did A GOOD KNIGHT FOR DRAGONS for Young Scott Books.

Q: Didn't that one win an award?

A: No, it was a Literary Guild selection, though, which was very encouraging at that stage of my career as an author.

After DRAGONS came the "Jolly Roger" series for Rand McNally. Perhaps some of your readers who have fairly young children would be familiar with some of them: PICKLE CHIFFON PIE, THE FLYING HOCKEY STICK, GIANTS COME IN DIFFERENT SIZES... gee, it seems like the list goes on and on. Makes me feel old!

Q: Did you illustrate the books as well?

A: Yes, of course. I think an author who can illustrate his own book has a great advantage over one who cannot — he can visualize the story graphically as he writes it, and can write in situations that will be pictorially exciting.

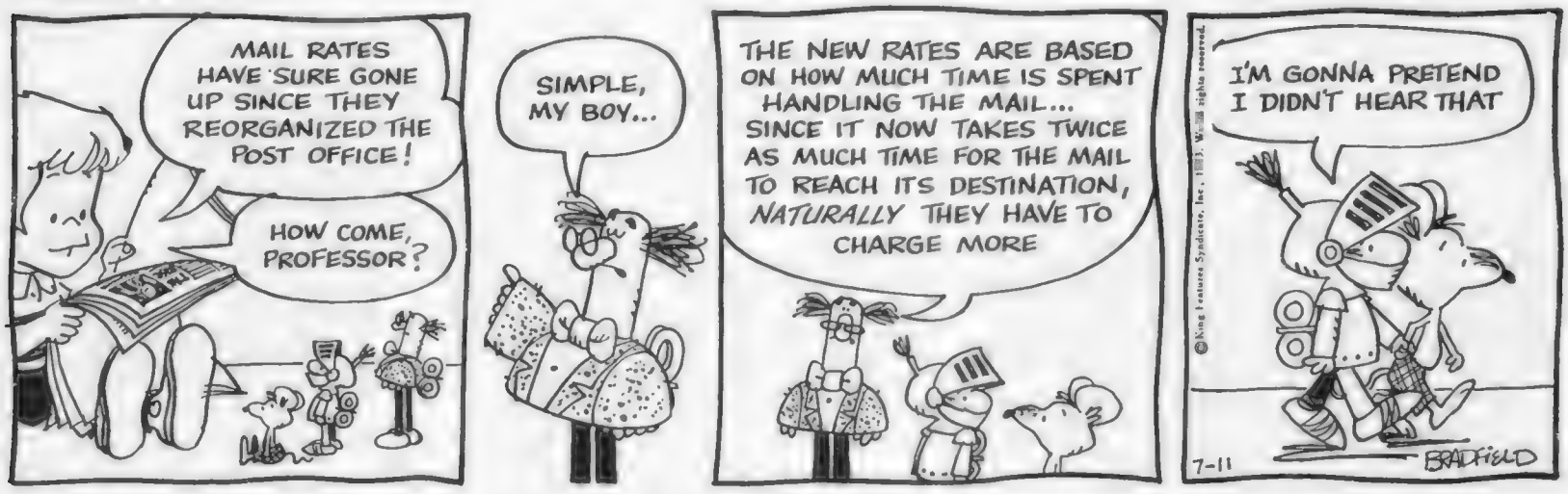
The same holds true, I think, in other forms of commercial creativity- planning an ad, for instance, or developing a TV storyboard. To me it's great advantage to create visually at the same time you're developing your copy.

Q: What prompted your move to California?

A: Well, I realized I could do children's books living anywhere I wanted to; and I

DOOLEY'S WORLD

by ROGER BRADFIELD


MAIL RATES HAVE SURE GONE UP SINCE THEY REORGANIZED THE POST OFFICE!
HOW COME, PROFESSOR?
SIMPLE, MY BOY...
THE NEW RATES ARE BASED ON HOW MUCH TIME IS SPENT HANDLING THE MAIL... SINCE IT NOW TAKES TWICE AS MUCH TIME FOR THE MAIL TO REACH ITS DESTINATION, NATURALLY THEY HAVE TO CHARGE MORE
I'M GONNA PRETEND I DIDN'T HEAR THAT
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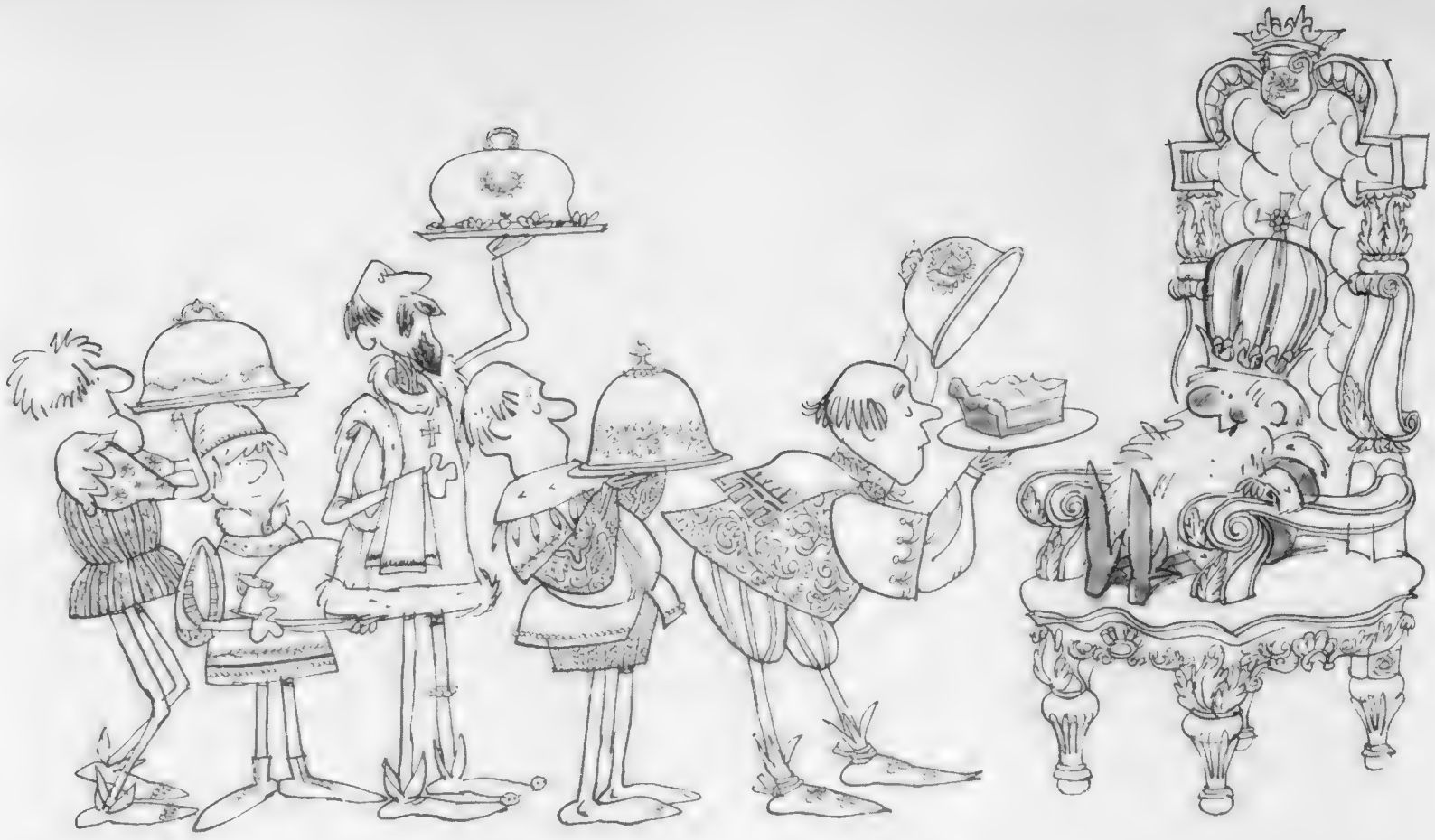
BRADFIELD



Roger Bradfield book illustration from "Pickle Chiffon Pie".

figured I was well enough established so that advertising clients would send me work by mail. Then, too, Joan and I have always liked warm weather and the prospect of playing golf all year 'round appealed to me.

Q: You're a golfer?

A: Well, let's say I make an appearance on the golf course two or three times a week. My handicap went up this month from 8 to 10, and your golfing readers will know that any time one's handicap goes up two strokes at a time he's not really playing golf... he's playing "Whipout".

Q: "Whipout"?

A: It's a game played at the nineteenth hole where the loser (usually me) whips out his wallet and pays off to three ex-friends. Several of these "friends" have likened my swing to that of an old lady beating off a purse snatcher with an umbrella. Maybe I play with the wrong crowd.

Q: I understand you like Santa Barbara.

A: It's super! We've been here seven years now, in a house near the top of a steep hill overlooking the town and a vast expanse of the Pacific ocean.

Q: Do you still do commercial work?

A: Not much, since starting the strip. Currently, however, I'm writing a series of 28 TV spots for General Mills. One is animated, but all the rest will be live action and filmed in Israel.

Q: Why Israel?

A: I'm not really sure — I suppose to save on production costs.

Q: You've been doing Dooley's World for almost three years now. Can you tell us how you got started?

A: Sure. I had been writing and illustrating some textbooks for Art Instruction Schools (they're the ones who've run those "DRAW ME" ads for years and years) and I...

Q: Excuse me, Roger... What kind of textbooks?

A: Books on various kinds of cartooning, one on animation, books like that.

Well, they asked me to do one on comic strips. Not knowing a thing about strips, naturally I said I'd do it.

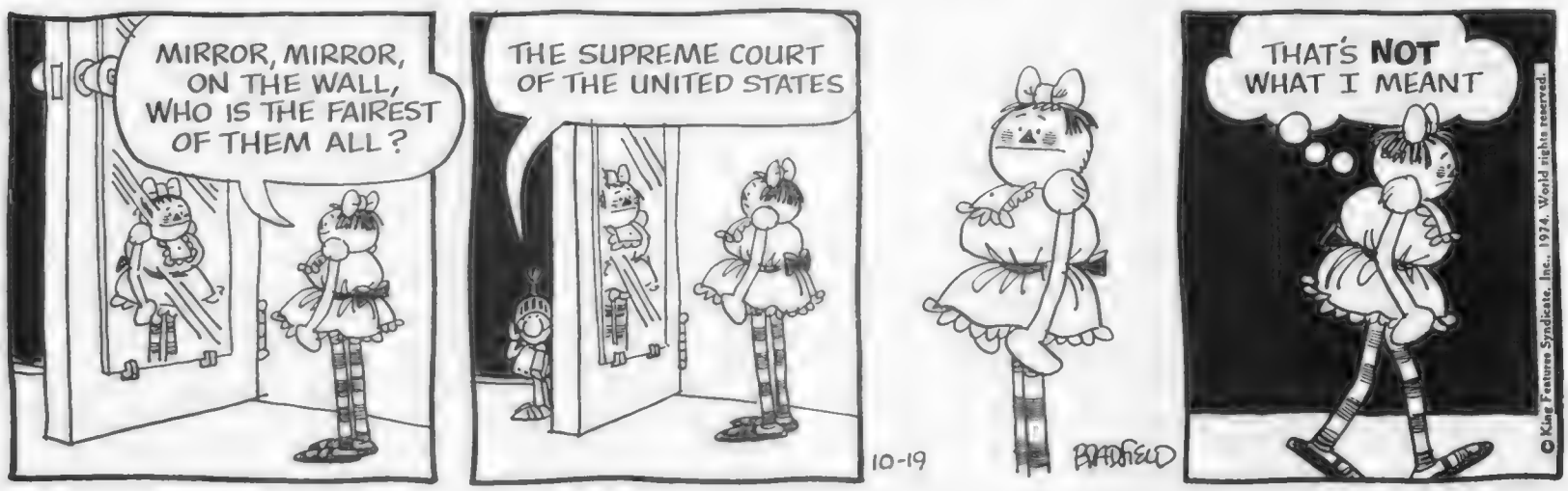
They provided me with stacks of good reference, though — articles and interviews with famous cartoonists, and some recorded interviews with some of the top comics editors, people like Sylvan Byck of King and Helen Staunton and Ira Emerich of Publishers-Hall.

In doing the book, I tried to cover every aspect of creating a comic strip — the characterization, the drawing, the writing, the timing of the gags, the lettering, etc. And, as I've said, I had excellent source material to base my conclusions on.

After the book was finished, I was really quite proud of the job I had done. I read the completed text and suddenly realized, "Gee, if what I've outlined in the book is correct, why can't I put it all together and produce my own strip?"

I prepared about five weeks of "Dooley", both daily and Sunday, and sent it in to King Features.

Q: For the benefit of our student readers, did you send a covering letter describing yourself


MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL, WHO IS THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL?
THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES
10-19
BRADFIELD
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT
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The view from Bradfield's backyard extends over Santa Barbara and across the Pacific to the Channel Islands.

and the strip along with your drawings? It's a question they often ask.

A: No, I didn't — just a note saying, "Please consider the enclosed for syndication." I figured if they didn't like the strip, an accompanying letter wouldn't change their minds. In a short time I got an invitation to come to New York and discuss the strip.

Q: That must have been pretty exciting.

A: You can say that again! Walking into Sylvan Byck's office for the first time after having heard about him for so many years was one of the thrills of a lifetime.

Q: For those readers who haven't yet seen DOOLEY'S WORLD, would you tell us a bit about the characters?

A: Of course. Since I believe strongly that characterization is one of the most important elements in a strip, I've tried very hard to make each character as different as possible from all the others. Actually, there aren't many "jokes" in the strip. Instead I try to show how each character will react in a humorous way to different situations.

I really think a reader has to stick with a strip for a month or two so that he can become familiar enough with the various characters to care about them and to see the humor in how they are reacting.

Max, the mouse in the strip, is a tender little soul. He's naive and trusting, and as a result often has a hard time. He plays the "Mouse organ", but not very well.

In direct contrast is Thelma, a rather scruffy rag doll. She's course and loud and self centered. A believer in (to use her words) "The grand old concept of might makes right". I try, however, to show her in a sympathetic light once in a while so that readers will care about her.

The Professor, a wind-up toy, is a real blowhard. He spews forth a constant stream of misinformation. Like the time he explained to Dooley that the leaning tower of Pisa is actually just an optical illusion. The tower, he explained, was perpendicular, but the entire town of Pisa tilted. "The natives," he said, "capitalize on the illusion to attract tourists to their PISA PARLORS."

Another wind-up toy is Norman, the little tin knight. He makes sense but is inclined to be a bit sarcastic... as in the strip when Dooley asked about people "receiving their reward in heaven". "It's set up that way," Norman explained," so they don't have to pay taxes on it."

Dooley himself is about seven years old. He believes everything the Professor tells him and as a result will never graduate from the second grade. At least I hope he doesn't.

Q: Has the strip changed any since you started it?

A: Yes. Without my realizing it, each character has changed in appearance a bit. I rather imagine this happens with all strips. Max has lost weight and Thelma has gotten a bit chunkier. Dooley's hair style has changed.

All in all, I think the drawing has improved. I say this because when I look at proofs of the very early strips I am a bit embarrassed by the art — and wonder what King Features could have seen in it.

The gags, too, I think, have improved — at least I know that some of gags I used in the first year wouldn't get drawn up today!

Q: How do you get your ideas?

A: Any number of ways... talking to a friend, listening to our minister's sermon on Sunday morning, watching a talk show on TV. I fill countless scraps of paper, tablets, envelopes and napkins with gag ideas — mostly around my desk, but also throughout the house. Notes written at night on a bedside table never seem to make sense when morning comes.

I thumb through magazines and newspapers. Walks along the beach help sometimes — but for some reason a ride in the car seems to stimulate idea production more.

Sometimes I'll think of what I consider to be a funny punch line and work backwards on the gag. You have to be careful with this approach, so that the first parts of your gag lead in smoothly and logically.

Q: Do you ever use a recorder?

A: I've tried, but for me it doesn't work, I have to *see* the words on the paper. Lots of things that sound funny in my head seem awkward or contrived when I actually see the words written on a rough.

Q: Do you make pretty tight roughs?

A: No... I just pencil them in very loosely on bond paper, working the same size that I do my art. I don't pencil in the art on my finished drawing, but instead draw out each panel on

Bradfield looks for ideas in a variety of places around Santa Barbara.

tracing paper. I've always done this so that I could flop the paper over and see a mirror image of my work. This makes the mistakes in drawing pop out and I make corrections on this reverse side of my tracing.

I have a light box built into my drawing board so that I can slip these scraps of tracing paper under 2-ply Strathmore and ink directly onto the drawing surface.

I use matt finish, by the way, only because the slick finish board doesn't absorb the ink as fast and I hate waiting for it to dry.

Q: Do you have a set pattern of working each week?

A: It varies quite a bit. I get up early, 5:30 or 6:00 usually, and can honestly say that I can't wait to get started. If I can ink in a daily before breakfast, my day is bound to be great.

I can do three dailies comfortably in a day, but a Sunday page takes a whole day. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday usually find me on the golf course killing snakes. Friday is what I laughingly call "idea day". If I don't get eight or ten "good" ideas by five o'clock or so, I knock off and continue my writing over the weekend.

Ideas, of course, are the most important element of any strip and I like to keep a good number ahead. Usually, I set idea roughs aside for a month or so to see if they still make sense when I look at them with a fresh eye. Some make it, some don't.

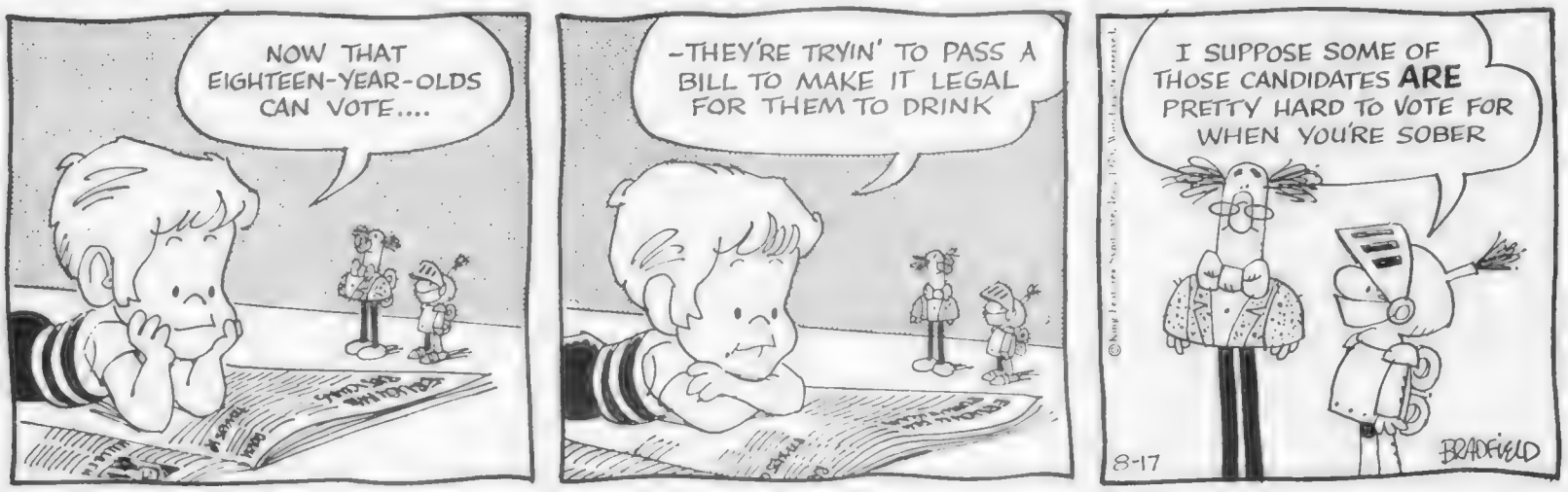
Lately, I've been eating my lunch at an outside cafe. It's located in a delightful Spanish courtyard called El Paseo — your readers who have visited Santa Barbara will probably remember it. I take a notebook to jot down ideas... often spending several hours there after lunch writing. Somehow, when I'm working outside like that it doesn't seem at all like work. Of course, if someone I know strolls up and sits down to chat, that blows the whole thing.

I just wish I could think of a way to deduct the El Paseo courtyard as office space on my tax return.

I like to go down to the docks and sit with my notebook, too. Sometimes it works, and sometimes I just get too interested in the commercial fishermen unloading their boats — or in the girls overloading their bikinis.

Q: I see you collect comic strip art.

A: Well, I've started to. I don't have many things yet because I hesitate to write


NOW THAT EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLDS CAN VOTE....
-THEY'RE TRYIN' TO PASS A BILL TO MAKE IT LEGAL FOR THEM TO DRINK
I SUPPOSE SOME OF THOSE CANDIDATES ARE PRETTY HARD TO VOTE FOR WHEN YOU'RE SOBER
8-17
BRADFIELD

The Bradfield Christmas Card. Top row: Cindy, Suzy, Daughter-in-law Jerri, Heidi, Steve, and Kari. Bottom: Roger, Joan.

cartoonists I haven't met as I know how many requests they get.

Q: Your wife tells me that you spend a good deal of time in church work.

A: Well, our church is very important to both of us. From time to time I speak to various groups around town. It's surprising how people will listen to someone just because they are familiar with his comic strip characters.

Although a comic strip is certainly no place to preach, I try to insert a very subtle message on Christian living once in a while. My mail sometimes reflects that at least a few readers sense this and appreciate it.

Q: Who are your favorite comic strip artists?

A: That's easy. Sparky Schulz is, to my way of thinking, the humorist of our time. And he's maintained that excellence over such a long period! You know, with all the accolades he's received, I don't think enough is ever said about his drawing style. It's so personal, nothing slick or contrived, no tricks. Maybe it takes another artist to appreciate its beautiful simplicity.

I think Mort Walker is great, too, An altogether different style than Sparky's, of course, but so restrained and consistent. Only a real pro could *leave out* so much! And always a funny gag.

Bud Blake's drawings make me drool... it's probably a good thing for me that his strip isn't carried in the paper I read. I know I would be influenced by it.

Q: Is there one thing you've learned since starting your strip that you'd care to pass on to students?

A: One thing? Hmmmm.... Yes, I'd say that I've become aware of how many *different* kinds of readers there are — how varied their tastes and backgrounds are.

For this reason, I try to provide them with a variety of gags each week. Maybe one slightly on the corny side, one for readers who'd prefer something a bit more subtle or sophisticated, maybe an action gag... but all, hopefully, in character with the general tone of the strip.

Q: I get the idea you enjoy your work.

A: Enjoy? That's putting it mildly. I like everything about it — getting the ideas, the drawing, even the lettering.

Incidentally, I always advise students of cartooning to learn to letter and am constantly surprised at the number who seem to think it's "beneath" them. Personally, I get a kick out of lettering. It's relaxing. I can keep one eye on the TV while doing it, and I get a surprising amount of satisfaction out of doing it well.

Speaking of enjoying your work, why DO artists like the endless task of doing a strip? You'd think, wouldn't you, that the fun would wear thin after a few years... after all, you do seven strips a week, every week, and as soon as you've finished one, tomorrow's strip is staring you in the face. But how many cartoonists have you ever heard say they didn't like their job?

I sure like mine... I hope Dooley is around twenty years from now!

EXCELLENT, MAX!... EXCELLENT!
YOUR EXECUTION OF MINOR SCALES IS REMARKABLE!
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1-19
BRADSHELL
I GOTTA QUIT USIN' THIS SHORTCUT

Alfred E. Neuman's PORTRAIT PAINTER

On July 20, 1973, C.C. Beck of Captain Marvel fame wrote Norman Mingo a letter. Beck had worked for Mingo's advertising art studio in Chicago shortly after the 1929 crash. The letter ends, "But we grow old together. All the great work we have done will be forgotten and you will be remembered only for Alfred E. Neuman and I will be remembered only for that bigger idiot, Captain Marvel."

Mingo was 60 when he painted his first Alfred E. Neuman cover for MAD in 1956. Undoubtedly the huge popularity of the magazine and its paperback books make his Alfreds his best known work. However, they are but part of Mingo's long and distinguished career as a freelance illustrator.

Bill Crouch Jr. visited Mingo this winter at his studio/apartment in Tarrytown, New York. Mingo, a grandfather many times over, has two sons who are both not surprisingly in advertising. He is semi-retired with his work confined to MAD magazine and paperback covers and designing and producing church brochures.

Though millions see his Alfred E. Neuman paintings and have seen his anonymous advertising work, Mingo has remained one of the mystery men to many cartoonists and fans.

CROUCH: How did you happen to be selected by Bill Gaines to paint the first MAD cover with Alfred E. Neuman on it in full color?

MINGO: In 1953 after many years of successful freelancing in the New York advertising art market, I tried to get into silk screening. My studio turned out grand work but lost money. Financially the project wiped me out. So I answered two ads from the classified section of the New York Times. This was in 1956. First I went to Dancer, Fitzgerald, Sample Inc., a Madison Avenue ad agency, where I was hired as an illustrator and titular head of the bull-pen. Then the same day I visited Bill Gaines at MAD, also on Madison Avenue.

Bill had placed an ad for an artist to do covers. At the time all his artists were line men. He wanted Alfred E. Neuman brought to life. At first I tried to do both jobs simultaneously. However the advertising work demanded more and more time and won out. I was working on accounts such as General Mills, L&M Cigarettes, Falstaff Beer, Sterling Drug and U.S. Army Recruiting. However, after seven years with them, Dancer, Fitzgerald decided they didn't need my services anymore.

Simultaneously Kelly Freas, the artist who did the MAD covers after me and the MAD people came to a parting of the ways. So MAD art director John Putman called me up in 1963 and I've been with MAD ever since.

CROUCH: Alfred E. Neuman had been associated in pen and ink form with MAD prior to your first MAD cover in December 1956. What would you say was your major contribution in regards to the MAD covers?

MINGO: Basically putting color in Alfred's cheeks and making him appear a portrait of a real person. Prior to that first painting I did, Alfred had never been published in full color. Also at first MAD had a red border around the cover filled with small sketches. I said to them let's clean up the border and they agreed. I think it was to parody TIME magazine initially.

CROUCH: Are you involved in the creating of the gag used on the MAD cover?

MINGO: The MAD covers, both magazine

Photo by Bill Crouch Jr.

Norman Mingo

Norman Mingo puts the finishing touches on the rough for a MAD cover scheduled for publication this summer. Although the 79-year-old Mingo has had a long and distinquished career as an illustrator, he will probably be best remembered for his hilariously irreverent MAD covers.

The cover for MAD No. 30 (Dec. 1956) was the first time Alfred E. Neuman was portrayed by anything more than a line drawing (Seen at the top in the ornate border.) and the first cover painting Mingo did for MAD. He got the job to "bring Alfred to life" by answering an ad Bill Gaines had placed in the New York Times classified section.

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and paperback, are the product of Bill (Gaines), Al (Feldstein), John (Putnam), Nick (Meglin), Lenny (Brenner), and Jerry (De Fuccio) sitting around in a bull session. I could experiment with ideas until the cows came home and still be rejected, so I'm grateful that I don't have to wrestle with the gag ideas. Often they just jot down the idea on the back of an envelope or something and I take it from there.

CROUCH: Do you submit a rough of how you visualize the gag?

MINGO: Yes, I work up a rough in pastels. Normally it's 8½ x 11 in size. Then the six of them mull over it. However, I've never had much trouble pleasing them and we all seem to be on the same wavelength.

Normally the finish is done twice size except if it is for something special and gets too enormous in which case I work a half up. I work on Bainbridge board that I first coat with a little white gesso.

CROUCH: What media do you favor?

MINGO: Some of the covers are all watercolor, but most are a combination of water color and acrylics. You can thin the acrylic down to where it's almost like water. However, I've experimented with different media. Cover No.31 is all tempera for example.

I don't work steadily on a cover. First I allow a couple of days just to think about the gag and gather a certain tension as the deadline draws nearer. I'll delay until I have to get the picture done and then I work very quickly. My problems are those of composition, color relationships, and technique. I'm essentially concerned with mass and am not a line man.

In working up a composition I work up ideas on tissue paper from a layout pad. The rendering is done very lightly. I refuse to redraw Alfred everytime so sometimes I trace it down or even on occasion paste down a full color picture of him. I have a wide variety of Alfreds photostated in different sizes. Then my layout that I decide on I transfer to the rough with a sheet with graphite on one side.

It seems my brushes are all so old they're almost round at the point. When I get a new one it's just a delight.

CROUCH: Nobody knows much of your career prior to 1956 when you started doing MAD covers. It's a tall question but I'm sure our readers would like to learn about those first 60 years of your life.

MINGO: Well first of all the business of freelance illustration hasn't changed much in 50 years.

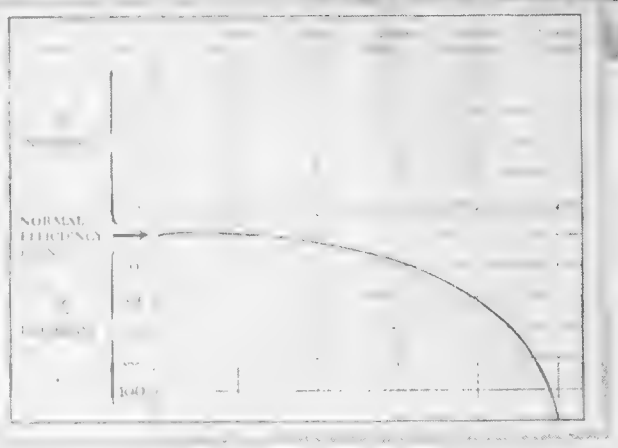
I was born in Chicago on Jan. 25, 1896 and am a fifth generation American. I was interested in art as a kid and entered and won a contest for art materials and a course in art from the Scranton School Correspondence Course. During high school I worked for Hart, Schaffner & Marx drawing model cards. I was so successful with my art I dropped out of high school and worked for a year full time but went back and finished with my class by doing extra work.

When I was 12 I used to sell copies of the Saturday Evening Post after school. I moved 250 copies weekly.

World War I interrupted my art career and I served three years in the Navy. I'd been a standby sailor at the Chicago Yacht Club and the Navy put me in training at Great Lakes. I used my art to make drawings of all the moving parts of different pieces of machinery and as a result got commissioned. I spent six months with the USS Neptune in the Atlantic, the sister ship of the USS Cyclops that went down

Never was Engineering More Convincingly Ex

– than in this beautiful ne "70" Willys-Knight Sedan



Graphical comparison of the performance of the Knight sleeve-valve motor and poppet-valve motor. The formation of both motors when new is shown at the left. The poppet-valve motor, worn as in vehicles with 35,000 mile mark and gradual decline to zero point of average

This is a powerful car that even has appeared in its price class. The most [illegible] And [illegible] will [illegible] Six.

[illegible] quality which this car has [illegible] found in [illegible]

The longer you drive it the better it becomes

[illegible] The only automobile power plant [illegible] The patented Knight sleeve-valve motor of the Willys-Knight "70" Six always has developed more [illegible] And now new-type manufacturing gives a still greater increase in its [illegible] greater economy, better all-'round performance, and still more power.

Carbon Troubles and Valve Grinding Gone for Good

With the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine of the Willys-Knight "70" Six you never know what carbon trouble is – and there are no valves to grind. Hence, no enforced layups. No periodic tearing down of vital parts. This car is in active service all the time and, because of the avoidance of all carbon complications and valve-grinding, it cuts your upkeep cost in two.

A Rectifier that Rectifies— An Air Cleaner that Clean

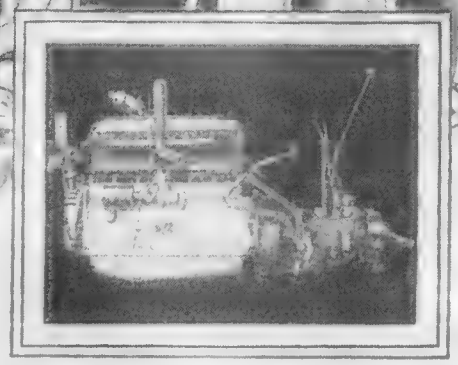
The Willys-Knight "70" Six is notabl light on oil. The Willys-Knight Oil Rectifi is one of the most efficient ever devised. greatly minimizes the quantity of oil consume because it effectively prevents oil dilution. Th water-cooling system of the Willys-Knight "70 Six is thermostatically controlled. The amount o water passing the system is so regulated that, eac the engine warms to the proper point, the ther mostatic action maintains this degree of heat. A the air taken through the carburetor into th engine is cleansed thoroughly by a new-type Ai

WILLYS-KNI

In 1923 Mingo organized and served as president of a Chicago advertising art studio. It was extremely successful until "we lost our shirts in the Depression." This double page ad for Willys Overland Motor Car Co. appeared in Saturday Evening Post on March 5, 1927. Art from Mingo's studio can always be spotted by the distinctive stylized pinetree logo (at rear bumper of car). This tear sheet was water damaged in a flood that destroyed much of Mingo's morgue.

ng Leadership Expressed

l new
edan



The patented Knight sleeve valve engine of the Willys-Knight "70" Six develops more power than any other of its size car produced in this country.

Cleaner. This cleaner eliminates all dust and grit, thus greatly reducing wear on moving parts.

Safety—First, Last and All the Time

Six is equipped with the safest, most responsive and most nearly infallible of all brakes. Its low-swung chassis provides another element of safety. At all speeds, under all driving conditions, this car fairly hugs the ground. In its narrow clear-vision corner posts is still another safety factor. Other cars coming from left, right or at any angle are always in full view. Clear driving vision is a vital

[illegible], mechanical 4-wheel brakes, the same type used in 97% of leading European cars. In the best engineering opinion, the "70" Willys-Knight

tured today, a proof that every car owner is soon going to demand

Bellflex for Silence

And now Bellflex Shackles provide still another exclusive Willys-Knight feature. A noiseless, flexible material—shock absorbing, rubberized—Bellflex guards against all chassis rattles and squeaks. It deadens road vibration, affords permanent chassis silence, and diminishes wear at every point of the car.

Examine the Willys-Knight "70" Six for yourself—you'll delight in the beauty of it. Ride in it you'll thrill to the comfort of it. Drive it—feel its responsiveness, its liveliness, the amazing power of it. You really owe to yourself a thorough knowledge of the Engineering Leadership expressed in the Willys-Knight "70" Six before committing yourself to any less modern automobile.

* * *

Willys-Knight "70" Six prices from $1295 to $1495. Willys-Knight Great Six, from $1850 to $2295—f. o. b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland dealers offer unusually attractive credit terms . . . Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

IGHT "70" SIX

in Devil's Triangle. I was later executive officer and navigator on the USS Lake Traverse. I got out as a lieutenant senior grade.

I studied at the Academy of Fine Arts and Art Institute in Chicago, the Cleveland School of Art and Art Students League in New York.

The 1920s were the great years for advertising art. I organized and was president of the art studio Mingo, Brink & Jipson, Inc. from 1923 to 1931 when we became a victim of the Depression. We had our headquarters in

the Wrigley Building in Chicago and offices in Detroit, Cleveland, and Toledo. I'll never forget our first month's gross billing was $35,000 for artwork produced. We had as clients Studebaker Corporation, Packard Motors, and Willys Overland Motor Company to mention a few. If you look through old magazines you can spot work from my studio by the stylized pinetree logo that we always signed the work with. We had hundreds of full pages and doubles pages in the Saturday Evening Post in this period.

I was lunching with a friend at the Tavern Club when I heard news of the stock market crash over the radio. Things in advertising art

Besides Alfred E. Neuman, beautiful women have often been the subject of Mingo's work. He didn't even paint Alfred for the first time until he was 60. This pin-up done for a calendar company was painted in the 1940s. Mingo also painted many movie posters for Marilyn Monroe movies.

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went from bad to worse. There was nothing left in Chicago and so the studio was closed and I left for New York.

CROUCH: From what you've said, I've just realized that you and Hal Foster were contemporaries in advertising art in Chicago. When the Depression came he turned to syndicated comics. How did you manage to get through the Depression?

MINGO: I was very fortunate and luck should not be discounted in a freelance career. I'd always been a realist with my art and shortly after arriving in New York and making the rounds with my portfolio, I was able to land the Lucky Strike account.

They needed portraits of prominent people who would do testimonials for their cigarettes. It was a very good account. I worked mostly from photographs but from life when possible. In fact this one account permitted me to buy a home in Scarsdale, New York in the middle of the Depression. I continued in freelancing and organized the Guild Artists Bureau Inc. that existed from 1939 to 1941 as a sales outlet for the Artists Guild of New York.

I was married with kids and too old for World War II but I was able to serve with the US Coast Guard Auxillary and participate in the USO Hospital Program where I would do portraits of wounded servicemen. In fact recently after a local newspaper story I even had a call from a fellow who suddenly realized I'd done his portrait then.

I've been fortunate to have had a very busy career as a freelance artist and then we come to the 1950s and my silk screen project followed by meeting Bill Gaines and the MAD staff.

CROUCH: The nostalgia fad is currently in vogue. Did you ever do much movie poster work? If so, many people have probably seen your work and didn't know you did it.

MINGO: I did lots of movie posters and even art for the huge 24-sheet size billboards. I painted a number of Marilyn Monroe movie posters including "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." If you paint somebody enough you feel you almost know them and I felt a personal loss when she died. Though they're not movie posters, in the 1930s and 40s I also did the art for those paper doll books of Hollywood stars such as Rita Hayworth and Bette Davis. You always had to make the heads a bit large for the bodies on the dolls as that was how the kids liked them. ●

The two sides of Mingo's career in illustration are shown in these two portraits. The straight portrait of General Patton was published as a cover for American Legion magazine and the original given to the General's widow. It is wax crayon on textured board. Alfred E. Neuman "Patton" graced MAD No. 140 (Jan. 1971) and heralded a parody of the movie PATTON.

Goodbye, Harry.

A famed trial lawyer's tribute to Harry Hershfield, including many of the cartoonist's favorite stories,

Tablecloth portrait of Harry Hershfield, done by Louis Nizer at the Algonquin Hotel, New York City.

LOUIS NIZER

In Issue No. 25 we published some brief affectionate reminiscences of Harry Hershfield, following his death last December. And now, through the courtesy of our friend Toni Mendez, we are privileged to publish, for the first time anywhere, a very moving tribute to Harry, written by the famed trial lawyer and author, LOUIS NIZER. Nizer, who in addition to being a courtroom celebrity, wrote such best-sellers as "My Life in Court" and "The Implosion Conspiracy", was a close friend of the late cartoonist.

by LOUIS NIZER

It is appropriate to begin an appraisal of Harry Hershfield with one of his stories.

An orator was asked to deliver a funeral eulogy. He had a scale of prices. "for $250, everyone in the audience will sob." This was too expensive. "Well, for $100 they won't cry, but they'll feel very sad." As the requests continued for a less costly eulogy, the orator exasperatedly warned, "Well, I have one for only $25, but I warn you, they'll laugh out loud!"

Even as we bid farewell to that unique man, every memory of him evokes laughter.

A human being is distinguished from all other animals by his capacity to laugh. By this standard, Hershfield was one of the great humanitarians of our time.

Most comedians have musical identifications, like "Thanks for the Memory," or "Everybody has Somebody." Harry's was prose: "He walks with the mighty but has never lost the common touch." Five Presidents of the United States called him their friend. Kings and statesmen, from Winston Churchill and Charles DeGaulle down, paid him tribute. The foremost scientists, writers, and painters honored him. But it was the people who took him to their hearts.

This is a great American tradition, to choose a humorist by popular choice and make him the folk hero of his generation. His duty? To tell us the truth about the mighty and ourselves without offending us. To cleanse the democratic process by making us laugh at ourselves. Hershfield belonged to this long line of aristocracy in our democracy: Mark Twain, Josh Billings, George Ade, Robert Benchley and Will Rogers.

I had good opportunity to observe his hold on the people. We often ate together at the Algonquin Round Table. Ate is a bad description — we choked and gasped for breath from laughter between bites.

After lunch, he would walk me back to the office. When we passed the Lambs Club, we would encounter prominent stars all of whom, men, and women, embraced him with enthusiasm out of all proportion to the need for professional recognition. As we continued, the street cleaner raised his brush in salute. The shoeshine boy lit up with a smile brighter than his shine. And sometimes, when we passed the alleyway of the Belasco Theater, a drunken derelict would open his swollen eyes and greet him, "Hello, Harry". I got to imagine that the policeman's horse neighed his greeting too. Harry belonged to all, because he made us all happier.

There are people who carry germs and infect others with disease. Harry was a carrier who infected people with good will. If you were morose or moody, you had to be wary of him. If you carried your business burdens on your shoulders, you had to shun him. You didn't have a chance, if you met him. For whether he was telling a story to one or to 25,000 at Madison Square Garden, his enthusiasm, gaiety and boyishness infected you. You lost your sad face. You walked away with a stronger back, if not a lighter burden.

You could observe this phenomenon at any

of the thousands of banquets at which he presided. A distinguished foreign dignitary, public official, or artist would approach him ponderously. Within a moment, Harry would be telling him a story. You would see a smile and then the explosion — the diaphragm moving violently up and down. The visitor had been infected with good humor. Now he had become a carrier himself. When he returned to his seat, he repeated the story to his neighbors. They roar with laughter. A little pool of merriment has been formed. Soon, there are other little pools of mirth. Thereafter, Harry acts as toastmaster, and the laugh germ spreads to the whole audience. For more than 70 years, he spread such epidemics throughout the nation.

In 1955, Mayor Wagner designated Harry officially as "Mr. New York". At a brilliant dinner in the grand ball room of the Waldorf, overflowing to the highest tier, Times Square was designated "Hershfield Square". That day the sidewalks of New York seemed to be shining with happiness. The rivers which flowed through New York, gleamed with gaiety. Automobile horns honked merry tunes. Skyscrapers shook with mirth. The air was filled with thunderous tumult of accummulated laughter in appreciation of the man who made all our spirits lighter.

Even in appearance Harry represented the conglomerate qualities of the City. He had Irish gray hair, Scandinavian blue eyes, Greek pallor, French vivacity, Italian love of music, Jamaican gaiety and he was thoroughly, wonderfully Jewish. One thought of New York as a huge melting pot and Harry, standing over it with an enormous stirring spoon pouring humor into it to prevent it from boiling over.

Freud commented on what he called "the peculiarly liberating and elevating effect" of humor. Harry didn't tell jokes because of social consciousness. He simply enjoyed making people laugh. He breathed laughter, as ordinary mortals breathed air. He was the only man I knew who never needed a vacation because what he was doing was a sheer joy all the time. But he gave us a better perspective of the turbulent times in which we live.

Harry was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, two weeks after his parents arrived from Odessa, Russia. His parents were gifted. His father Michael was a musician and linguist and head of a "gymnasia" in Russia. His mother, Alta, came from a family of musicians and physicians. Harry was one of thirteen children. He had aspired to become a doctor, but he quit high school because the study of drawing was irresistible. (One of his later lines was "Educated he is, but smart he isn't.") It was his brother Alex who became a distinguished physician in Chicago.

At the Frank Holme School of Illustration, Harry's classmates were H. T. Webster, Will B. Johnston and LeRoy Baldridge.

He obtained a job on the Chicago News as an illustrator, but was suspended when he retouched a photograph of the leaning Tower of Pisa to straighten it up.

Harry became not only a repository of stories but a creator of humor. One could tell by his bemused look that a "new" joke someone eagerly told him was one he had invented and used in a Kabibble cartoon a half a century earlier.

Every written work should have a story line. The best biographical story line for Harry is to follow his stories.

So — addressing a progressive school, he tells of the mother scolding the teacher,

"If my son misbehaves, strike the child next to him. My boy is sensitive. That will be punishment enough."

To the American Legion on loyalty oaths: "What do you think of a man who goes horseback riding at 3:00 A.M.?" "I would say he was an eccentric." "Ah, poking fun at Paul Revere, are you?"

To an Irish independence audience: "The Irish always fight among themselves. They want to be sure of worthy adversaries."

To a United Jewish Appeal group: "Why when other people were still picking up acorns in the forest, we Jews already had diabetes!"

To a Protestant church group: "I know you protestants are a majority in this country, but you haven't got minority rights yet."

To a meeting of critics selecting the best plays of the year: "You gentlemen have given the best jeers of your life to your work."

To a union audience: "A stubborn worker refused to join a pension plan which required unanimity. After endless unsuccessful entreaties, the union sent strong arm men who threatened to beat him black and blue if he didn't sign. He did. "Why didn't you do this in the first place?" asked the goon. "Nobody explained it to me before."

To a medical group: "A doctor told a patient to eat only vegetables. The next day he prescribed only meat. 'But, yesterday you said the opposite.' 'You would be surprised how medicine has progressed in the last 24 hours!' "

To probation officers: "We need a pen with a life time guaranty."

To a bar association: "The United States is the only country where they lock up the jury every night and send the prisoner home."

To a museum audience: "A young man protested a marriage broker's choice for him. 'Her eyes are crooked, her nose bent....' 'Ah, so you don't appreciate Picasso, do you?' "

To a political gathering: "A candidate's retort to his opponent's claim that he was a self-made man. 'That relieves God of an awful responsibility.' "

To a gathering of psychiatrists: "A patient who was treated for an inferiority complex was dismissed by his psychiatrist. 'You have no complex. You really are inferior.' "

To Professor Einstein: "You and I have much in common. I don't understand your theory of relativity, and you can't figure me out."

To President Nixon on receiving cuff links with the White House seal on them: "But Mr. President, what we need is shirts!"

To President Roosevelt while speeding back from a rally along cheering streets: "Mr. President, will you slow down a little?" "Don't worry, Harry, they know who's in this car." "Yes, but I want them to see who is with you."

To convention of efficiency experts: "A businessman thought he had an advantage by dating checks ahead all the time. When he died, they put on his tombstone 'Died February 15th as of July 10th.' "

To an audience he suspected of harboring bigots: "The Ku Kluxers should always wear hoods. They look better that way."

To a sports writers group: "A manager claimed his fighter was the greatest in the world. He was offered a fight in New York, where the limit is 15 rounds. He protested that he wanted a fight to the finish. It was against the law and he yielded. His fighter was knocked out in the first round. 'I thought you touted your man as the greatest', a sports writer chided him. 'I told you he was only good in long fights.' "

To a marriage counselors group: "Behind every successful man stands an astonished mother-in-law."

To a judicial convention: "A judge decided more cases in a year than had ever been done before. He was interviewed. 'How do you do it?' 'I listen to the plaintiff, and decide from the bench.' 'Don't you listen to the defendant?' 'I used to, but I found it befuddled me.' "

To a group dealing with juvenile delinquency: "Strike your child once a day. It you don't know why, he does."

To army officers at the Pentagon: "They'll never put a plaque on the wall saying 'George Washington slept here.' "

To a credit organization: "A man wrote to a creditor, 'I owe money to hundreds of people. I have a basket in which I keep my bills, and every day I pick one out and pay it. In view of your nasty letter, I am not even putting your bill in my basket.' "

To a retail association: "How much is that green velour hat in the window?" "$35." "$35? Why less than 2 blocks from here a store charges $20 for the identical hat." "Then why don't you buy it there?" "They're out of them." "When we're out of them we sell them for $10!"

To a group of scientists: "I can't understand wireless telegraphy." "I'll explain it. Suppose you have a long dog, his head in Boston, his tail in New York. You pull his tail in New York and he barks in Boston." "But, that's like wires. I still don't understand wireless telegraphy." "It's the same thing without the dog."

To a study group on Divorce: "The punishment for several marriages is several mothers-in-law."

Unlike most raconteurs, he carefully measured the possible hurt of a story, and his kindliness prevailed over laughter. So he would check with his friends Cardinal Spellman and Bishop Sheen before making a talk at a Communion breakfast. (Is it all right to say that you make holy water by boiling the hell out of it, or that the donkey carrying Mary stumbled and Joseph cried out, "Jesus Christ, he almost fell" and Mary said, "You know, that's a better name than Irving.")

He took more liberty with Jewish groups, as if to cure their hyper-sensitivity:

A child brought home a poor report card. Facing the tirade of his parents, he explained, 'The teacher is anti semitic. She picks on me.' The next morning the irate mother visited the teacher and upbraided her for bigotry. 'It isn't true. Your boy just doesn't know his lessons. Let me prove it to you. Sammy, how much is 10 and 18?' 'There she goes, Ma, picking on me again!'

Of course this reminded him of a sister story, (according to him, every story had a large family, and he recalled them all, back to their ancestors).

Sisters story: the same beginning, but instead of complaining to the teacher, the father

decided that nothing is more important than education. So he moves to another neighborhood and changes his name to McCarthy. The next month the child's report card is even worse. 'What have you to say now?' 'Well, you know, Pa, we Christians aren't as smart as those Jewish kids!' "

To a reform temple: "A reform Jew visited Jerusalem and was about to pray at the holy wall. An orthodox Jew reminded him that he must wear a yarmulka (skull cap). 'I don't need one, I'll pray this way'. 'I warn you. If you don't wear a yarmulka, you'll just be talking to a stone wall!' "

And so by the thousands, tens of thousands, stories poured from him. He was an inexhaustible geyser of humor. For years he demonstrated his prowess on radio and television programs called "Can you top this?". If anyone doubted the authenticity of his instant recall, all one had to do was be in his presence and witness the spontaneous flood of stories from his computerized brain.

He was an etymologist of jokes and his books on humor developed the theory that basically there were only six stories. He would illustrate professorially. A Mussolini story (a pollster reported to him that 99% of the people were for him, "but I must say I constantly ran into the other 1%") could be used for Stalin, Hitler or any other dictator. He could illustrate ten offshoots of a basic war story ("Don't be scared. Every bullet has a name on it. If your name is not on, then you're safe." Frightened soldier, "I'm worried about the bullet which has on it 'To whom it may concern.' ")

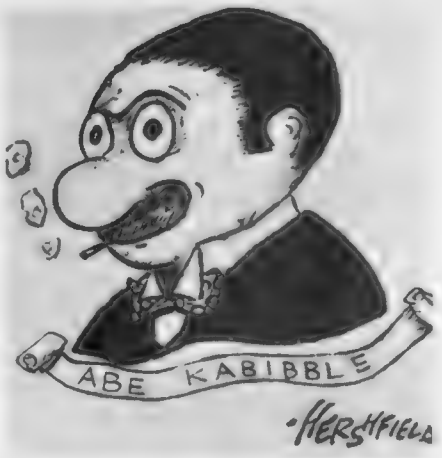
He was a humorist, not a comedian.

The common denominator of virtually all his stories was their meaningfulness. They pointed up the foibles, weaknesses or surprise ingenuity of the underdog. The point may have been washed away with the first burst of laughter, but then reflection, like the tide, brought it back and we enjoyed the intellectual aftertaste.

Harry had no compulsion to be "on" all the time. He would listen respectfully to serious discussions. He would sit back reflectively, his lips pursed as if he were savoring good wine. It was interesting to watch him as others tried to tell him a "new" joke. Inevitably he knew it, but not once did he embarrass the teller by stopping him. He would listen appreciatively, and comment "Isn't that wonderful." His tolerance was like that of a lover of opera who can enjoy the same music over and over again. When he was challenged to admit that he had known the story all the time, he would reply, "But I like the way you told it". And, of course, that would remind him of a story: the speaker at a Kiwanis luncheon who heard the chairman recite numbers — 8, 16, 5 — causing the audience to howl with laughter. "What is going on?" asked the speaker. "Oh, they have heard these jokes before. So we just number them and we don't have to take time telling them. They recognize the jokes by their number and laugh." Wishing to avail himself of this device, the speaker asked for a few good numbers. But when he called them off, there was stony silence in the room. Embarrassed, he asked the chairman, "Why didn't they laugh?" "You didn't tell them well", was the reply.

If requested, he would retell a joke to one who had just joined the group with the same zest as originally. His reward was a new burst of laughter.

His generosity was unlimited. He practiced the greatest exercise of all — to bend down and



help someone up. He was the softest touch wherever he was. Although it was his profession to make appearances and entertain either as toastmaster or speaker, he made hundreds of talks without compensation, either because a friend (and who wasn't his friend) asked him; or, because the function was charitable.

He was the quickest draw in the land, in picking up a check at the dinner table. If it weren't for the rule of the round table that all guests sign their own checks, he would have paid everyone's bill every day.

As a toastmaster, he was over-generous in introducing others but his exaggeration was forgiven because it stemmed from his goodness. But when he was introduced, he turned compliments aside jestingly. "I am not as good as you have been told, but I am not as bad as you out there are thinking."

He never told a joke which had daggers in it. He never told an off-color joke in public.

He could be given to pixie-ish mischievousness, but as always, it was harmless. Once he presided at a public dinner at which Congressman Sol Bloom was a speaker. The politician glowed in the aura of his appointment by Roosevelt as the head of the George Washington centennial celebration. This made him more verbose than usual. After 45 minutes, the audience was getting exceedingly restless — a step preceding their abandonment of the speaker to converse among themselves (Harry had a story for this too: the speaker who says "It is my duty to speak and yours to listen, but if you quit before I do, please let me know".) Harry put a note before Bloom, "Time". Bloom ignored it. Fifteen minutes later, another note, "Time". Bloom continued with what Harry used to describe as his eighth "In conclusion". Finally, Harry scribbled another note. Bloom read it, and sat down instantly, hardly finishing his sentence. We on the dais had watched this. The audience had long before retired. (Harry used to tell of the speaker who looked at his watch, and someone in the audience yelled, "There's a calendar behind you!") "What did you write on that last note?" "I just wrote 'Your fly is open!' ".

He had been attracted to the theater and tried his hand at it. In 1912 he appeared at Hammerstein's Victoria Theater with Eddie Cantor and Lila Lee. His column "Broadway Unlimited" earned him one of the first appearances in talking pictures, with President Coolidge and Adolph Zukor in 1926.

He also appeared on the first television program sent to Times Square from Jersey City which starred George Jessel and Sid Grauman. At one time he was a theater reviewer on a radio program called "One Man's Opinion".

Nevertheless, the artifices of performing were inimical to his sincerity and simplicity.

Therefore he did not practice the art of embellishing a story with dialect, elaborate descriptive language of Thespian skills. To him, the joke "is the thing". He did not wish to dazzle. It was the story which was front stage. The spotlight must be on it. I sometimes thought he practiced economy in the telling, so as to have more time for more stories. Only once did I hear him "stoop" to performing. It was the story of the Jew on line with hundreds milling about the U. S. Bank which had closed during the 1932 crash. He was screaming imprecations at the officers of the bank. Harry imitated his hysterics, "Even hanging was too good for such villains!" A passerby asked him how much money he had in the bank. "None — if I had had any money in there, would I be taking it so lightly?"

The inevitable sister story: A man who had just read an obituary column, broke down in loud wails. (Harry's inverted story within a story was the comment, "He was like the man standing on a street corner minding his own business at the top of his voice!") An acquaintance was moved by the man's groans and sobs. "What is the matter?" "John D. Rockefeller Sr. died." "Why are you carrying on so? He was no relative or friend of yours, was he? "That's just it. That's just it!"

He appreciated art. He was a collector and his home and office were filled with fine paintings and sculpture. He was also a collector of memorabilia. I drew dozens of drawings of him on napkins and he saved them all. Once, not realizing his collecting mania, I drew his head on a tablecloth. He insisted on cutting it out and offered payment to the owner.

Although his humor directed him to cartoons, (the famous Abe Kabibble, Desperate Desmond, Homeless Hector and According to Hoyle), he was a good draftsman and could have had an art career. At one time for three years he was a scenario writer for Warner Brothers and later, editor, of animated cartoons for MGM. However, to be in Hollywood was like being banished from New York, the great banquets and the teeming excitement which was an essential environment to his well being. His constitution could not stand the sun and he needed Broadway electric lights.

He was the author of a serious novel about New York. On the flyleaf, he wrote "Where everyone mutinies and no one deserts".

In his early days he was a sports writer and artist of sports events for the San Francisco Chronicle. Among the hundreds of photographs which crowded each other off the walls, onto the tables and floor of his home and office, were poses with every champion boxer of the last sixty years, his slight figure throwing a punch upwards, while his opponent feigned distress. But also there were dozens of photographs picturing his dais companions, the foremost public officials of this country and abroad. Most groups have open, laughing mouths, for he was irrepressible.

To the photographer: "What newspaper will this not be published in?"

To the waiter: "Bring me the chef's portion", or "Get me something that will give me heartburn now, not 2:00 in the morning." He had unusual eating habits. He could not touch butter or any dairy product. His translucent pale skin revealed his sensitive organism. He could not take the sun.

As Louis Nizer relates, Harry was photographed with every champion boxer of the past 60 years, and in each photo his slight figure was shown throwing a punch upwards, while his opponent feigned distress. Here he's doing the same thing with cartoonist Bob Dunn.

Captains and waiters in all the grand ballrooms knew of this eccentricity. As the food was paraded to the tables in military file, one waiter would head for the dais with a special Hershfield plate. It was a perquisite of his fame and popularity. For he had entertained them, too, dozens of times and they loved him.

As he neared his 90th birthday, he changed in only one respect. He became good-naturedly philosophical. "I have lived and experienced everything. Now I enjoy everything more because I understand better." His phenomenal good nature prevailed over his age and he really believed it was the best period of his life.

He had practiced joyful serenity all his life. He, like everyone else had suffered tragedy. But he was dauntless. In 1917 he had married Jane Isdell, a beautiful actress whom he met in Chicago where she was appearing in "The Girl Question". But she became mentally ill, suffering from all sorts of phobias. He loved and cared for her a half a century, until she died. Few ever saw her. He always appeared alone. No one would have suspected his private anquish.

Even his own illness could not dampen his bubbling spirit and gaiety.

His heart failed and he was desperately ill. No visitors were permitted. But he persuaded the nurse to permit him to take my telephone call.

"Hello, Harry, I'm delighted I can visit you on the phone." "Oh, Lou, I am so glad, so glad to hear your voice." "How are you feeling?" "Lou, I'm too weak to collapse." He joined me in laughter but his was weak. "Harry, you're incorrigible. I understand they're going to give you a heart pacer. That should make you feel better."

"Yes, I'll try it for ten years. If it doesn't work I'll throw it out." He chuckled in that high octave he reserved for glee. "I can hear the nurse telling you to hang up. I'll talk to you again soon. Feel well." "Don't worry. In a few weeks I'll be back to abnormal!"

Two days later he was dead.

Few people can go through life without making an enemy. The process of achievement is abrasive. To excel is to rise above others reaching for the same pinnacle. We are reared in the tradition of competition — in business, arts, and sports. We try to assuage the loser, by honoring "good sportsmanship" — which usually means, to lose gracefully. But the psyche does not yield to slogans.

We envy the victor and often hate him. And it is easy to find or imagine a grievance to justify the violation of the loser's ethic.

Harry was unique not only because of his talents as raconteur, columnist and artist, but because of his personality. He never said an unkind word about anybody and nobody ever said an unkind word about him.

Although he was a professional performer and had even appeared at one time at the Palace and other theatres, he was devoid of that abrasive egotism which is essential to a comedian's style. Thus, his laughter was not bought at the expense of forfeiting his simplicity and likeability.

He combined sophistication, guilessness and goodness. He was truly loved and thus he lived a fulfilled life.

Measured by customary standards of greatness, he was not a great man. But civilization being the process of learning to be kind, he was a wonderful, sweet human being.

He was the foremost philanthropist of our day because philanthropy does not mean giving money. The word is derived from 'philo' (love) and 'troops' (man); to love man.

When one evaluates the joy he brought to millions, the realization grows that this warm hearted man came closer to the mysterious purpose of life than most of us.

How we will miss him. What a man! What a grand man!

"The only time he made anyone sad was when he died." ●

COMIC COMMAND PERFORMANCE No. 1

Fred Guardineer

FRED GUARDINEER

Our friend, JERRY DE FUCCIO, the well-known Associate Editor of MAD Magazine, tells here how his idea for this COMIC COMMAND PERFORMANCE series which will appear in CARTOONIST PROfiles from time to time, came into being. We're very pleased that Jerry has chosen our magazine as a showcase for these never-before-published pages re-created by pioneer comic book artists at Jerry's request.

By JERRY DE FUCCIO

When I was a kid, I always liked either rugged adventure stories, or those in which justice triumphed in the comic books, but I wasn't too enthusiastic about syndicated stuff which I considered too namby-pamby and cute-sy. My father, who was a doctor, was very chagrined about this and said, "Why don't you read the nice funnies in the paper on Sunday instead of bringing all those comic books in when you should be studying?" Sunday comics had their legitimate place in the family scheme of things — you read them on the floor when you came back from Mass but reading comic books meant you were taking time from studying your Latin or Trig for prep school.

With my longtime love for comic books thus established, let me say that my pet peeve with various histories of the comic book which have appeared is that they're merely a recitation of what certain characters looked like, or descriptions of their costumes. So, with the old cliche — one picture is worth a thousand words — in mind, I decided that if I could go back and persuade some of the pioneer comic book artists to recreate in 1975 their favorite features or characters from the golden age between 1939 and 1943 when the good artists went to war, I'd really have something! I wanted these artists, who worked at the time comic books began, to recreate with thoughts in mind like "Gee, this stuff was corny", or "this was charming" — and to include in the re-creation anything and everything that occurred to them in retrospect.

The pioneer comic book artists were racing to create new characters in the 30's and sometimes they'd even get out a dictionary, hunt through it for a noun and a color to go with it, and they'd have the title for a new story. Generally they didn't realize fully some of the ludicrous aspects that they built into the characters and situations in these early pages. So I guessed that the artists doing these re-creations might handle these situations and characters somewhat differently the second time around. They could reflect back on these characters and make fun, in a sort of endearing way, of characters they treated very seriously in the late 30's.

As this series progresses, readers will see many funny re-creations such as Tony DiPreta's 'ZIPPO' character who traveled around on carborundum wheels.

So to get things in motion, I wrote to artists all over the country and have now located 8 or 10 pioneer comic book-men. Some of them draw better than they did in those days, and some left the field entirely and they have gone into other endeavors. Some did folios for me that were very reminiscent of their old style. One of the artists who pleased me the most was FRED GUARDINEER, who re-creates in this issue, 38 years after it first appeared, a 'Devil of the Deep' story which appeared in 'Amazing Mystery Funnies'. Fred's feeling was that this project was going to be fun — he made a few false starts but he was determined to crack it. He's been away from comic books a long time, but the notes on Fred's career which follow these comments of mine will indicate to CARTOONIST PROfiles readers that he's continued to draw part-time in other areas.

Fred did a very nice job of organization in redoing this story which he tells here in 3 pages, whereas the original ran 6 pages. Back in those days he realized he'd get more money for 6 pages but to my way of thinking, he tells an even better story in this up-dated version. 'Devil of the Deep' reflects the adventuresome spirit prevailing in the late 30's — we had come out of the depression and stories of man-against-man and man-against-nature were big then. It was rugged individualism just before the advent of the superheroes. Fred has a mechanical bent and the diving suit worn by the Devil of the Deep in these pages is evidence of that. Remember that Fred's picturing of this Self-Contained-Underwater-Breathing Apparatus was long before the appearance of modern SCUBA Diving equipment.

Guardineer never went into the mask and cape area. And he liked detectives or adventurers and he was particularly fond of his feature, 'The Blue Tracer' which he has recreated for a future issue. 'The Blue Tracer' was an all-purpose war machine that was shell-proof, submersible, and which could travel on land, under the sea and in the air. This feature was done for Everett 'Busy' Arnold's 'Quality Comics' firm which we will have a lot more to say about as time goes on. Following a listing of some of the facts about Guardineer's career in the comic books, readers will find Fred's own story of the years spent in and out of the business.

We're also including here samples of the many early ACTION COMICS and DETECTIVE COMICS covers which Fred Guardineer drew, as well as examples of the drawings he does nowadays for the weekly magazine, 'The Long Island Fisherman'.

Comic book cover drawn by Fred Guardineer

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Fred Guardineer created Zatara, The Master Magician in 1938, Marvelo, Monarch Of Magicians in 1940, Merlin, The Magician in 1940 and Tor, The Magic Master in 1941. He thinks he did even more sorcerers and wizards in his day, but their top hats and turbans and capes all seem to run together into one incantation now. Oh, yes! He took over Mr. Mystic where fellow Quality artist Bob Powell left off.

When he wasn't doing magicians during the Golden Era of the comic books, Guardineer turned out some mortals in the form of detectives Speed Saunders and Bill Perkins, "the hard hitting District Attorney who secretly wears a black mask when tracking down criminals and Fifth Columnists as ... THE MOUTHPIECE!"

And there were adventurers Dave Dean, professional pearl-diver of the South Pacific Seas and Lance Hale, who seemed to prefer the jungles and waterways of the Amazon. Red McGraw, The Dragon, helped the 1941-43 vintage Chinese fight the Jap invaders, as an also-ran feature in Quality Comics' Dollman book. The Dragon is memorable only because the symbol on his shirtfront looked more like a fuzzy caterpillar head; enough to break me up completely whenever I thought of it during Latin Class at St. Peter's Prep.

Following is Fred's account of his own career.

By FRED GUARDINEER

In the fall of 1935 I left my hometown of Albany, N.Y., and armed with a diploma from Syracuse University, arrived in New York City with hopes of earning a living as an illustrator despite the current depression in that field as well as other businesses. On the day I arrived, I found a room on 34th Street near the armory and a few months later moved to the Hotel Latham on 28th Street. My family staked me to room and board and it was 14 months before I secured a job with regular pay and was independent.

My first break was a chapter heading for a Street and Smith pulp magazine and I did a few more black and whites for Popular Publications, Magazine Publishers and Pines Publications. I now had samples of published work which later got me a job in the comic book business, which at this time I had never even heard about. I was of course familiar with newspaper comic strips and thought that this type of medium would be up my alley, so to speak.

In November of 1936, weary of pounding pavements, and ready to give it up, I took one last crack at a New York Times ad and was hired to draw pages for comic books being brought out by Harry A. Chesler. It was twenty bucks a week. I was glad to get it and I loved the work, drawing everything such as Indians, cowboys, gangsters, south sea adventurers and monsters from space. By February of 1938 I was making thirty dollars a week, had a bank account and hosted a few parties they still talk about at the Hotel Latham.

While working in Chesler's stable I met many artists who became famous later on in the comic book business such as Fred Schwab, Ken Ernst, Bob Wood and Charley Biro. On the side I did a job for Major Nicholson who was also turning out comic books. I did an epic entitled "Boomerang Jones" and am still waiting for my thirty dollars pay. However my dealings with "The Major" brought me in contact with Ogden Whitney ("Skyman"), Creig Flessel, Whitney Ellsworth and Vincent Sullivan, all of whom starred later in this business.

In the spring of 1938 comic books had swept the country and were big business with Detective Comics, Inc. taken from Major Nicholson by Harry Donenfeld. Mr. Donenfeld set up such features as Superman and I left Harry Chesler to work here and became well-known drawing Zatara the Magician in Action Comics. I was strictly free lance now, on my own, and drawing day and night.

For the next 20 years, with the exception of two years in the Army, I drew every conceivable comic book character. I was considered tops in this profession and I never missed a deadline. The business was unsteady,

JERRY DE FUCCIO

to put it mildly, and I was present at the birth and death of many magazines. Several times each year I did not know where the next job

was coming from, but it always did and I managed to make money at an average of about $200 a week for the long pull.

In the fall of 1938 I married Ruth Ball of Brooklyn who was living at the Hotel Latham and studying medicine at Bellevue Hospital. We did a year in a Brooklyn apartment and then bought a house in Babylon, L.I. Besides being a wonderful wife, Ruth excels in fishing and hunting, was elected for nine years as a school trustee on the North Babylon Board of Education, and made a writing career for herself becoming a reporter and now editor of the Babylon Town Leader, a weekly newspaper with a circulation of 22,000.

From 1941 to March 1944, when I was drafted into the World War II Army, I turned out pages for Everett "Busy" Arnold's Quality Comic group. Among these were the space age "Blue Tracer" and "Mr. Mystic the Magician" which was syndicated in about 40 Sunday newspapers. Here I met such artists as Bill Eisner and Jack Cole.

In the Army I was assigned as an artist to a printing plant but in reality served as a rifleman with a shovel. I did however, considerable art work for the Army in The Philippines. I shared the same tent with numerous spiders, lizards and Ogden Whitney.

After my discharge in February 1946 I found no job waiting for me at Arnold's stable but I made out well free lancing for Hillman Periodicals, Comic House, Cinema Comics and Famous Funnies. At this point I met up with my old buddies Bob Wood and Charley Biro who now had their own magazines and I moved in on the crime comic gravy. Crime comics were now tops in sales and a very lucrative business. In 1952 the do-gooders ran crime books off the stands and hurt the comic business in general.

At this point my trail crossed that of my old friend Vin Sullivan of Magazine Enterprises and Ray Krank, his editor. For three years until 1955, I did the Durango Kid comic book, cover, pages and lettering. It was worth about a thousand bucks a month, every month. During this period I started a fishing and hunting column in the Babylon weekly newspaper, had a fishing boat, and was active in local affairs.

With the advent of nationwide television in 1955, comics, as a dependable business, died — and I had had it. I also had my first nickel and no debts. I left the city for good although I could have commuted to art department jobs of which I had several offers. I decided to get whatever job I could find near home.

Who would hire a man of 42? The U.S. Government, of course. My army time counted and I have now done ten of a 20-year hitch in the Babylon Post Office. Steady pay, no tensions, long vacations, sick leave, pensions, the fringe benefits provided by the government and the AFL-CIO Union, and the companionship of other men all drawn from different walks of life, much like the army.

My official title in the Babylon Post Office is Carrier, Route No. 1, a position that requires me to walk a fast 15 miles and get mail to about 350 patrons. I consider this an excellent outdoor job that keeps me in somewhat fair shape for the hunting season. However, I also serve as the "art department" and am always in demand to stay "inside" to letter racks, paint signs and illustrate postal manuals. I have received many commendations for this work and I like the way this job panned out. And you can't beat the hours, 6:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. It gives me the afternoon to do household chores and look after my pack of beagle hunting hounds. I work Saturdays so I can have the weekday of Friday off to take my wife fishing on our boat without competition of weekend crowds.

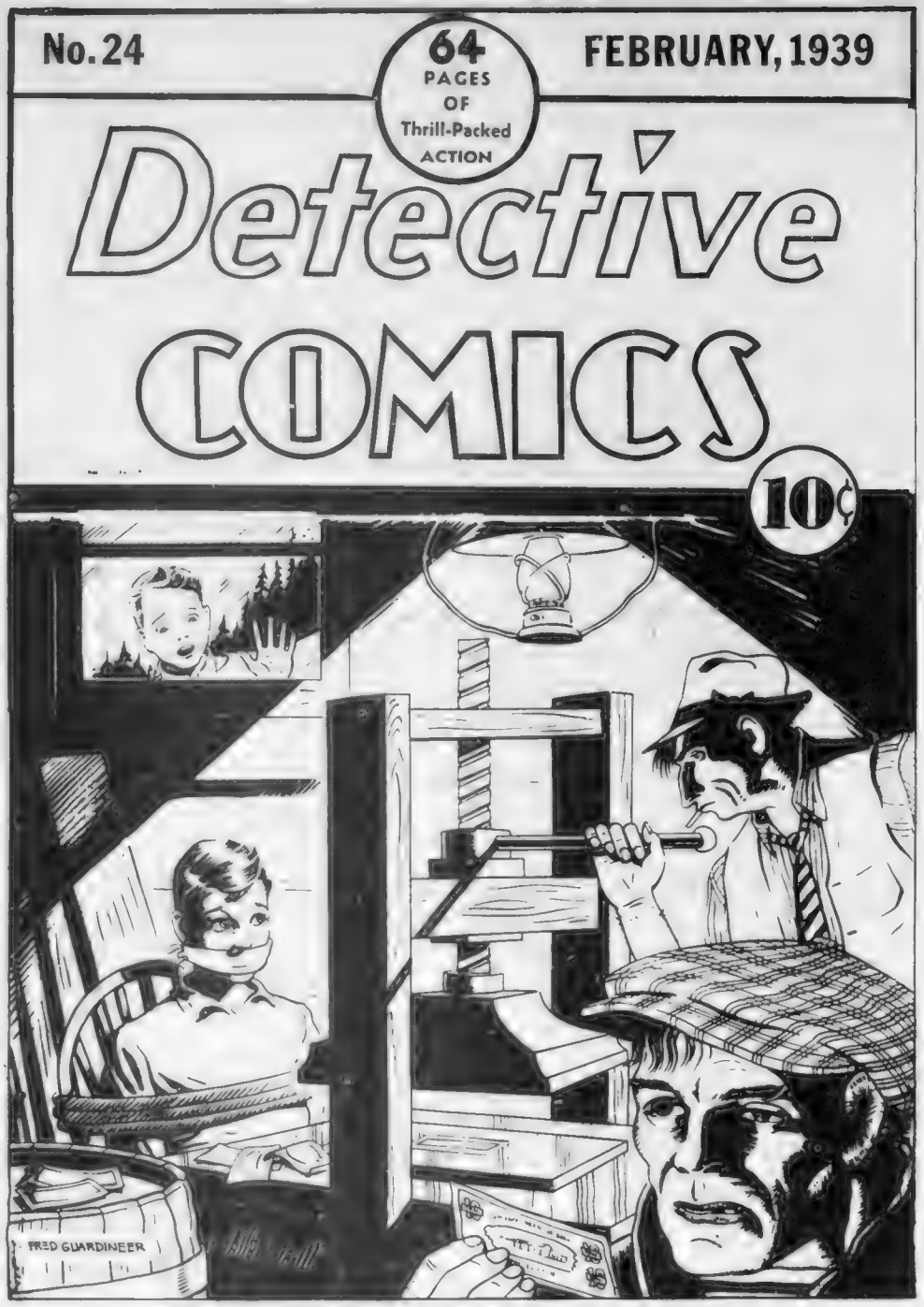
The weekly hunting and fishing column I turn out for the Babylon Town Leader newspaper has brought me considerable fame. I have been elected an officer for eight consecutive years in the Babylon Tuna Club and am an honorary member of the Suffolk County Fish and Game Association, the Babylon Rod and Gun Club and the Buckskin Sportsmen of Deer Park. I also am a member of many outdoor clubs, veteran organizations and am an exempt fireman of the North Babylon Volunteer Fire Company, the only place you can drink beer on Sunday mornings.

I did five years as a radio broadcaster and I can say that I was the best fishing and hunting broadcaster in these parts. A lot of work goes into this and unfortunately I had to give it up as there was no money in it for me. Working for Long Island radio stations reminded me of the old days in comics. Sort of a bunch of sharpies, compared to whom, the fly-by-nights in the art business were pillars of industry.

The population explosion on Long Island has ruined my local hunting grounds so that I have had to lug my cannons from the Finger Lakes to southern Maine to get my hasenpfeffer and venisons, and anywhere 100 miles from New York City is beautiful country. You won't see me retire in Florida. I like to hear the north wind howl and be where northern pike lurks and the deer and the cottontail rabbit roam. This they can blame on my one remaining drop of Iroquois Indian blood.

So in closing, I can say that suddenly I'm in my early 60's and like my present work, my wife likes her newspaper job, my college educated son is happy being an electronics whiz at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, and my granddaughter is serene in the knowledge that she will some day be Miss America. We Guardineers get along even if this Dutch name is hard to spell.

Comic book cover drawn by Fred Guardineer



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AMAZING
MYSTERY
FUNNIES
THIS ISSUE - AIR-SUB DX
DEVIL OF THE DEEP
BY NORMAN DANIELS
DAVE DEAN, INTREPID ADVENTURER, DARES THE PERILS OF A TROPIC SEA IN SEARCH OF PEARLS
WHAT IF THEM NATIVES ARE RIGHT AND THERE IS GHOSTS IN THESE WATERS ?
YOU'RE GOING NATIVE YOURSELF WATER GHOSTS- HUMPH ! I'M LOOKING FOR PEARLS.
I'D FEEL BETTER IF WING PO WASN'T ON THAT SHIP !
WHAT CAN HE DO ? HE HAS NO DIVING EQUIPMENT. STOP WORRYING !
DOWN YOU GO AND GOOD LUCK ! IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, SIGNAL AND I'LL PULL YOU UP !
THE FOOL ! MAY THE DEVILS OF THE DEEP TAKE HIM !
MAYBE IF I GET CLOSE
NEVER MIND HIM. FIND MF PEARLS ! WE SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER.

From the original version of 'Devil of the Deep' (1936-37).

Here, on these 3 pages, is Fred Guardineer's 1975 re-creation of the 'Devil of the Deep' story. The original version appeared in 'Amazing Mystery Funnies' published by Harry Chesler in 1936-37.

DEVIL OF THE DEEP
DAVE DEAN, PROFESSIONAL DIVER AND ADVENTURER, DARES THE PERILS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC SEAS IN SEARCH OF PEARLS ... BY FRED GUARDINEER, 35 YEARS LATER!
WHAT IF THEM NATIVES ARE RIGHT AND THERE'S GHOSTS IN THESE WATERS? IT'S A NEW AREA.
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING! WATER GHOSTS - HMMPH! I'M LOOKING FOR PEARLS, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A HOT SPOT!
I'D FEEL BETTER IF WING PO WASN'T AROUND ON HIS JUNK!
WHAT CAN HE DO? HE HAS NO DIVING EQUIPMENT!
STOP WORRYING!
DOWN YOU GO- AND GOOD LUCK! IF YOU SEE ANY-THING, SIGNAL AND I'LL PULL YOU UP!
ABOARD WING PO'S JUNK...
THE FOOL! MAY THE DEVIL OF THE DEEP TAKE HIM!
MAYBE IF I GET CLOSE -
NEVER MIND HIM! FIND ME PEARLS. WE SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER. IF HIS AIR HOSE WAS CUT, ALL THESE PEARLS WOULD BE MINE!
HERE COMES COM-PANY! THAT YACHT'S BEEN HERE BEFORE!
THE PRIVATE YACHT ANCHORS NEARBY IN THE DIVING AREA...
THAT DAVE DEAN IS NICE LOOKING, PHIL. I SAW HIM THROUGH THE GLASSES. HE MUST BE BRAVE TO DIVE LIKE THAT!
SORRY, JANE, I CAN'T SEE IT! MY COUSIN WAS DROWNED IN THIS SPOT. I WAS ALONE WHEN HIS BOAT SANK.
BUT HE'S GOOD LOOKING AND I HOPE I CAN MEET HIM!
DOWN ON THE OCEAN FLOOR, DAVE DEAN DISCOVERS A SUNKEN YACHT...
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?
1
...AS A WEIRD MENACE HOVERS NEAR.

MY LINES HAVE BEEN CUT!

DAVE KICKS OFF HIS WEIGHTS AND RUSHES UP TO THE SURFACE...

TRY TO STAY UP! WE'LL SAVE YOU!

THANKS... SOMETHING CUT MY AIR HOSE AND LIFE LINE!

DAVE SUFFERS A CASE OF THE BENDS, BUT IS NURSED BACK TO HEALTH ABOARD THE YACHT.

THANKS TO YOU, JANE. I OWE YOU MY LIFE!

BUT... I COULDN'T LET YOU DIE.

THESE WATERS ARE CURSED!

LET'S PAY A VISIT TO WING PO... MAYBE HE KNOWS SOMETHING!

WE'LL TAKE IT EASY. HE'S DANGEROUS.

I GREET MY ILLUSTRIOUS RIVAL. YOU HAVE FOUND MANY PEARLS?

I ALMOST FOUND *DEATH*! DID ANY OF YOUR BOYS DIVE?

MASTER, LOOK! THE DEVIL OF THE DEEP HAS KILLED HIM!

THAT IS ONE OF MY DIVERS!

SOMEBODY GET HIM!

I'M GOING TO GET THIS DEVIL OF THE DEEP!

AI! THE WATER GHOST HAS KILLED HIM!

PLEASE BE CAREFUL- FOR MY SAKE!

2

BACK ABOARD DAVE'S SHIP...

IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! DON'T GO DOWN!

I'LL BRING THAT DEVIL UP WITH ME!

AS SOON AS DAVE REACHES BOTTOM HE IS ATTACKED...

HE'S COMING! BUT DON'T PULL ME UP TILL I GIVE THE WORD!

A FIERCE UNDERWATER BATTLE TAKES PLACE...

SEND DOWN ANOTHER LINE AND TAKE THIS ONE UP. YOU'LL FIND THE WATERGHOST AT THE END OF IT!

DAVE EXPLORES THE INSIDE OF THE SUNKEN YACHT.

BACK ON DECK...

HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO SEE THE SUNKEN BOAT BECAUSE HE SANK IT!

HE'S NOT DEAD. THERE WAS OXYGEN IN HIS FREE DIVING SUIT!

HE DYNAMITED HIS COUSIN'S YACHT AND TRIED TO SCARE ME AWAY SO I WOULDN'T FIND OUT.

BUT HE WON'T SAVE HIMSELF THIS TIME!

TO GET HIS COUSIN'S FORTUNE!

THE END

THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!

Fred Guardineer page from 'The Long Island Fisherman'.

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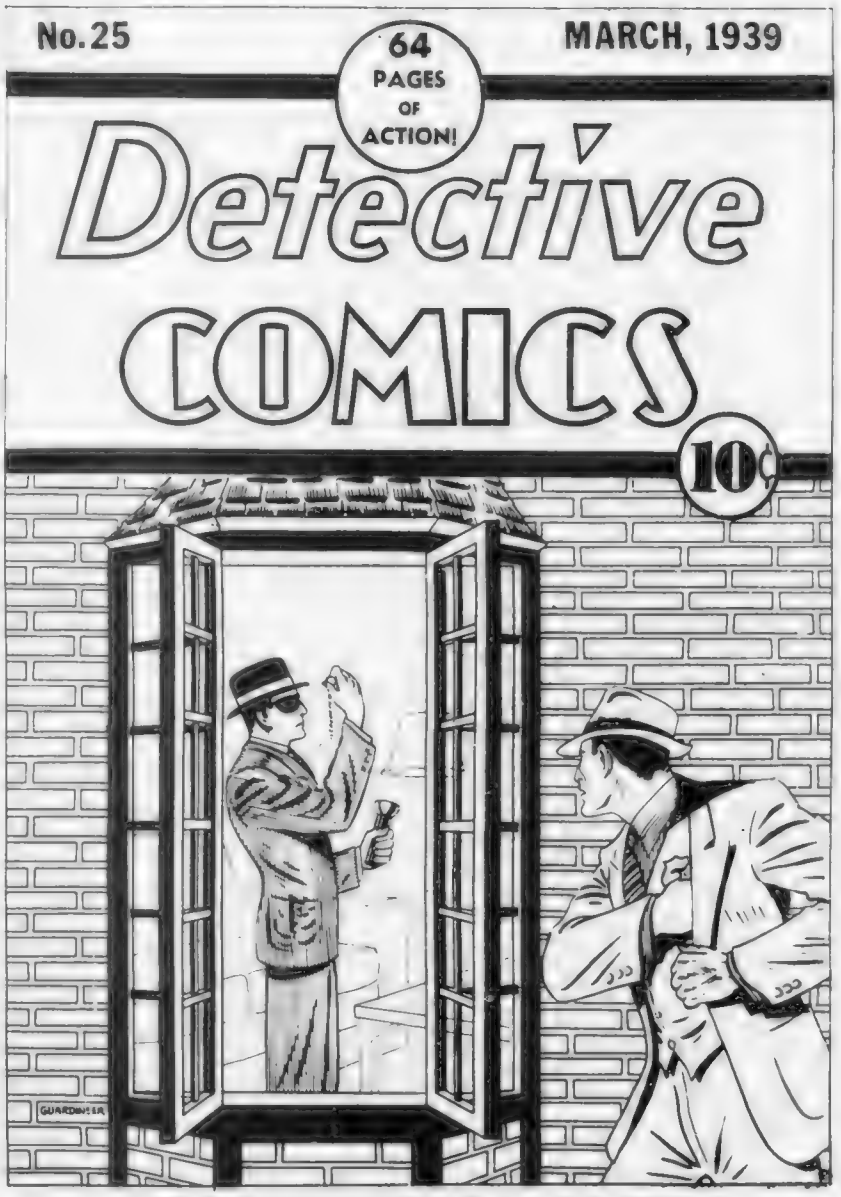
Comic book cover drawn by Fred Guardineer



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Comic book cover drawn by Fred Guardineer

TANK McNAMARA

by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds

JEFF MILLAR and BILL HINDS, who produce the popular new comic strip 'TANK McNAMARA,' which is distributed by the Universal Press Syndicate, bill themselves as America's biggest cartoon team! Hinds stands 6 foot-3 inches and tips the beam at 230 pounds, while Millar is 6 foot-3 inches and weighs in at a mere 190. Millar graduated from the University of Texas and started working for the Houston (Tex.) Chronicle in 1964. He became its movie critic and has also been writing a general interest humor column twice a week for the paper. His wife, Lynne, is news editor of the Houston Post. Hinds went to Stephen F. Austin U., made an animated film while there, had to create a comic strip for one of his courses, sold some cartoons to the Houston Post, married his wife, Pam, the summer he graduated from college (1972), and immediately went into basic training for the Air Force Reserve. Jeff Millar says that the Air Force is always taking his partner away for duty on crucial weekends when the team is right on deadline. "They're trying to destroy us!" complains Jeff! Hinds spends his 9-to-5 hours as an artist doing a wide variety of art assignments on the Houston Chronicle, and his evenings drawing 'Tank McNamara.' We understand that this fall Grosset & Dunlap will be publishing the first collection of 'Tank McNamara' reprints.

Photo by David Nance-Houston Chronicle.

Millar says he almost never stands watching Hinds drawing — it's the best way he knows to go blind with boredom. Bill's studio, in picturesque southwest Houston, occupies one bedroom of a two-bedroom apartment, and commands a sweeping view of a discount store parking lot. Eat your heart out — Milton Caniff!

TANK McNAMARA **by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds**

...THERE'S THE GAME OF FOOTBALL, MR. McNAMARA, AND THEN THERE'S REAL LIFE.
SEE? THIS IS THE REAL WORLD, HERE IN MY OFFICE, AND THIS IS NOT A PASS.
I KNOW IT'S NOT A PASS.
IT'S A FAKE PASS!
PSYCHIATRY
FEETS DON'T FAIL ME NOW.
MILLAR/HINDS
12-5

Tank has not been able to overcome the instincts drummed into him over 20 years of playing football. Here he's trying to get cured by a shrink of pouncing upon any loose object on the assumption that it's a fumble.

...THE FORMER ALL-TIME GREAT NFL POOLBALL FAYER, WHO WE'RE PROUD TO HAVE HERE TONIGHT AS OUR COLORED MAN...
I THINK I MEANT COLOR MAN.
MILLAR/HINDS
DOO DAH!
GIMME A BREAK, FRED.

Q: Jeff, how do you manage to come up with your Tank McNamara ideas?

Millar: As so many cartoonists do, I carry around a little notebook and jot down topics as I think of them. Sometimes these notes kick around for several months before I can think of a funny gag based on each one. For instance, a while back I wrote down 'Mike Marshall.' He's the relief pitcher for the Los Angeles Dodgers who's made this intensive study of the muscles of the body, and who knows exactly what every inch of his body is doing as he's throwing his famous disappearing pitch. I haven't come up with a funny gag about him as yet, but I'm continually trying to make something funny out of various situations and observations. When I finally nail a gag down, I describe the situation and the dialogue on about a half sheet of typewriter paper which I give to Bill. When I see the ideas after Bill has visualized them, my gag is still there but his interpretation may have changed it in certain ways. It's as though I'm sort of the screen writer and the director of a comic strip and Bill is the director of photography. Of course his influence is decidedly stronger in our comic strip than a director of photography would be in a movie.

Q: Bill, aren't the characters in 'Tank' a little more cartoon-y than they were to begin with?

HINDS: When I started to draw the strip, I was depending more on sketches and photos of actual people in doing the characters, and I want to get back to that method. I want to do drawings from life and to use these as a help in producing characters, rather than always cooking them up out of my head. Probably I'll use photos too more in the future to get better human characteristics in our strip people. It's hard to strike a balance between the typical story-strip drawing technique and the big-foot style of cartooning. This whole project is still a learning experience for us and maybe something like the 'Mad' magazine technique is what we're after.

MILLAR: It's a funny thing—I still am a movie critic of course, and I often use the phrase 'comic-strip editing' as a derogatory term when I refer to films which seem to make arbitrary jumps from one scene or action to another and which condense things past the point of reasonableness and logic. But now I find I'm using comic-strip editing myself in the writing of 'Tank McNamara.' You have to do a good deal of condensing in this job.

Q: Have you both been enthusiastic sports buffs?

MILLAR: I'm interested in sports from the rather jaundiced perspective I try to put into Tank. I've always been interested in the business aspects and the cultural phenomena connected with sports but I could care less who wins games. Bill, incidentally, had almost no interest in sports and I had to explain to him who the New York Yankees were. I probably know five or six of the starting Yankees of 1963, or seven or eight members of President Eisenhower's Cabinet, because my mind tends to collect useless bits of information like these. But this doesn't mean I'm a sports fanatic like our 'Sweatsox' character in the strip. My input for sports information is just about what the average, moderately-educated, American male gets from reading the sports section. I subscribe to 'Sports Illustrated,' and watch some sports events on TV—most of the time with the sound off, but I didn't have a baseball-card collection.

HINDS: I did—10,000 of them, but I guess it was just that I liked to collect cards! Nowadays I subscribe to a sports magazine and I do watch 'Wide World of Sports' when they have something really weird on like Samurai swordsmen, etc. But my interest in comic strips has been great through the years, and I never realized how tough it would be to do one—even to determine how big we were going to draw the originals. At first the strips were too tiny and then we went the other way with strips like murals. And to begin with I'd pencil the strips on tracing paper and finally transfer the drawings to the bristol board for inking by means of a light board. But this method was almost like doing a drafting job—and the result was too tight. Nowadays I rough in the figures with blue pencil on the

This sequence, in which Buck dreams he's been traded to the Houston Oilers, didn't sit too well with the Oilers who then were the worst team in pro ball. Immediately after, they won 5 games or so in a row. We didn't claim responsibility.

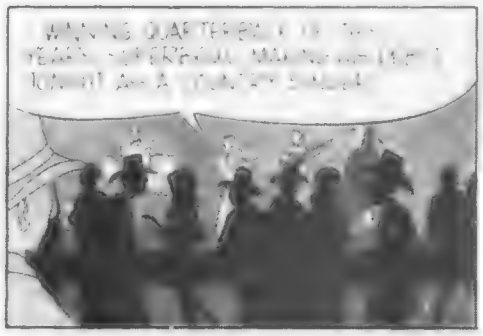
HI BUCKAROO! I'M BIPPO, THE GENERAL MANAGER OF THE HOUSTON OILERS.
WELCOME TO HOUSTON TALL
YOOOOOLLL BEEEEEE Proud to be an Oiler From Your head down to your toes...
So folks will Know You're on our teeeeaam...
Here's our team hat and your big red NOSE!

We substituted this topical strip for one we had previously sent in, right after the news story broke.

...BECAUSE IT'S AN AMERICAN GAME AND THE BEST PLAYERS IN THE WORLD SHOULD BE AMERICANS.
FOREIGNERS BARRED FROM LITTLE LEAGUE WORLD SERIES
SPORTS
ANY WAY THEY CAN, HUH?
©1974 Universal Press Syndicate
IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY.
MILLAR/HINDS
12/9

TANK McNAMARA

by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds



OH OUR Point spread Keeps on Growin... Seem's mah game plan can nevah start... Long as Ah keep on a-throwin... incompletions to yewr heart...

Part of the general-sports-strike sequence, (five days after the strip began) which coincided with the real NFL players' strike.

Millar and Hinds figure with baseball and football trading cards having been printed in the millions all these years, that it's about time cartoonists had their own series of trading cards! So just for CARTOONIST PROfiles readers they posed the photo of Jeff handing a typewriter off to Bill in the Houston Astrodome for 'Cartoonists Card 185.' You will see the usual statistics on the reverse side of the card.

finish board and get a freer feeling to the strip. And I use a brush for inking now (a Winsor & Newton No. 2). I never had much luck in the past with a brush because I was using cheap ones, and they're about as much good as a toothbrush. And to start with I even experimented with the lettering on another piece of bristol board, and then when I was satisfied with it, I'd cut it out and paste it down on the strip. Fortunately I've gained enough confidence to have given up that laborious method by this time. Incidentally, we wish we had started using caps and lower case in our balloon lettering, because we think you can put more nuances in when you use upper and lower, and you have more flexibility as far as getting emphasis.

Q: I see that you occasionally bring back some of the old comic strip cliches.

MILLAR: We've hoped that someone was noticing those —we've had a character's feet flying out of a panel, as in the old 'Mutt & Jeff' strips, and recently we've had 'Fearless Fosdick' holes in a character's head.

Q: When did the idea for 'Tank' come to you?

MILLAR: In August of 1973. I had written about some of my unusual attitudes concerning sports in my newspaper column, and was looking around for some other medium in which to get some of these ideas off my chest. I'd always admired comic strips so I discussed the subject with Clyde Peterson who does editorial cartoons for The Chronicle under the name of C. P. Houston. It turned out that his time was all filled up but he suggested the name of Bill Hinds as a freelancer who might be interested in drawing a strip. We got together, I looked at Bill's portfolio and was impressed by his versatility. It was obvious that he could do lots of styles very competently, and it suggested to me that he could draw anything I might ask him to do.

HINDS: Jeff's gags were subtle and satirical—the kind I really like. I sketched some characters and they turned out to be a little too cartoon-y, so I tried to make them more human after he explained a little better what he had in mind. Meanwhile I got a job as an editorial artist on The Chronicle and we continued working on Tank — drawing and re-drawing. My job here involved doing illustrations for our Sunday entertainment tabloid — 'Zest' — including covers, op-ed cartoons, drawings for the women's section, etc.

MILLAR: People come from all over the building and ask him to draw a thousand different things, and each one is a challenge requiring a different solution. I think this routine keeps Bill fresh for 'Tank McNamara.'

HINDS: I don't work on the strip on Chronicle time, which means that I do Tank at home starting about 8 o'clock in the evening. I end up doing my best work after 10 or 11, with nothing to distract me then.

MILLAR: As far as gags are concerned, I wait till I'm hot and then sit down and write two-weeks-worth at a sitting as fast as I can type. Then I may wait seven or eight days before doing another batch.

Q: I understand that you showed your samples to Jack Loftis who buys the features for The Chronicle.

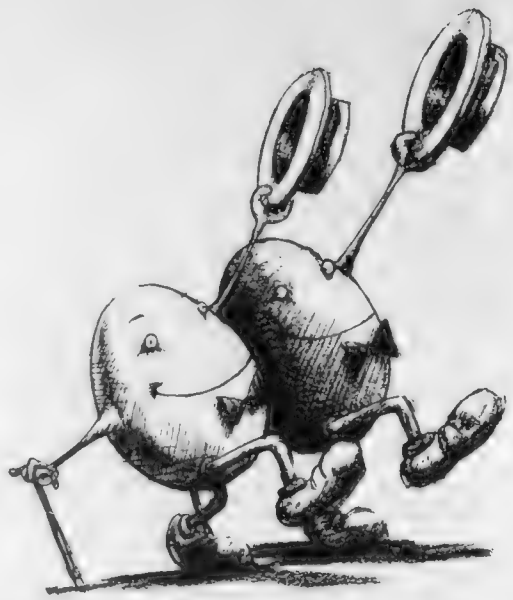
MILLAR: Yes — he liked them, before long they were sent to Jim Andrews, the Editor of the Universal Press Syndicate. Finally on May 10, 1974 we signed contracts and on August 5th Tank started in the newspapers.

HINDS: Jim Andrews had explained some of the realities of the comic strip business to us. Originally we called the strip 'Jocks' but he told us that a name works better than a vague term as a strip title.

MILLAR: Originally as I saw the strip, we wouldn't have any central characters — perhaps an almost anonymous sports-writer character, low-keyed and cynical, would

This drawing is from "Bill Hinds' Sketchpad" which occupies half of the front page of one of the sections in the Chronicle's Saturday edition. Bill does a series of 5-7 sketches on a single topic for this feature — and this was from the one on 'Spring'.

"See, babies, if you eat your plant food, you'll grow up big and strong like that."



One of Bill's drawings for a series on nutrition.

wander through the strip occasionally. We'd jump around in a helter-skelter fashion, deliberately being chaotic and disorganized, in the 'Laugh In' or 'Blackouts' manner. Jim Andrews explained what editors expected characters to do for them, that reading comics is a habit, and that we had to be aware of the ways in which the habit is encouraged. We needed, in other words, a stable of interesting, easily-identifiable, and oft-repeated characters. Under Andrews' persuasion we decided that Tank McNamara was our best character and the best name for the strip, although earlier I had liked 'Sweatsox,' our sports-junkie spectator type. But since Tank had only appeared in two gags out of the six-week batch we had ready, we really had to step up our production before the starting time for the strip. It took some fancy footwork — suddenly he was the title character and I didn't know, other than about an inch deep, what he'd be like. In this connection he constantly amazes us — we're discovering more about his character than if we'd preconceived him. He's growing in different ways out of our desperation, and I suppose he's a better character because he was harder to do at the beginning. Originally he was dumb jock — now he is probably pretty smart except that he has the misfortune, when he gets on the air, to be a fumble-mouth and this makes him appear stupid. He's aware of this and it bothers him but there's nothing he can do about it — he's a victim of his own popularity — popularity due to his being such a fumble-mouth.

HINDS: He was a defensive lineman, and thinks like one, so whenever he hears a word such as 'tackle,' like Pavlov's dog he hits the first object he sees, thinking he's back in the game.

MILLAR: We try to be topical but we don't adhere strictly to what's happening in a certain season. However, during baseball season, for instance, there will generally be a preponderance of baseball gags. We've had some good and bad luck as far as topical sequences are concerned. On the good side we had a sequence concerned with an all-pro-sports strike which we settled in the strip on the same day the real-life NFL players voted to return to training camp! On the bad side, Frank Robinson was named manager of the Cleveland Indians eleven days before our gag on the subject was due to run, so we had to forget about that one. We try to anticipate things in the strip, to hedge our bets and we avoid making predictions. Then there was the time we got a call from a lawyer who requested one of our Sunday originals. Shortly after we got a letter back, thanking us and enclosing a couple of souvenir pins bearing the insignia of the Philadelphia football team in the WFL. We held our breath for a while because just three days before that we had begun a savage series suggesting that the WFL was comprised of a bunch of clowns!

Q: Could we have a brief rundown on the principal characters in the strip?

HINDS: Tank himself is a former pro-footballer who now has a job as a TV sportcaster, and who tries hard but is a fumble-mouth as we said earlier. Then there's Sweatsox, the prototype spectator who will watch anything that wears a number and breathes hard. Buck Baker is a pro football quarterback in the usual mold, and Barb is his girl friend. Also there's Norman, the sports consumer, who's the target of every ad agency which hires jocks to endorse various products. ●

Millar thinks Hinds' work on this strip is excellent, with the runners moving toward the reader, as in the frames of a movie.

I'VE BEEN INVITED TO COMPETE IN THE WOMEN'S SUPERSTARS MEET IN THE ASTRODOME.
©1974 Universal Press Syndicate
WOMEN SUPERSTAR COMPETITION? WHAT ARE THE EVENTS: LAUNDRY THROW AND GROCERY CART DASH?
BAKER, HOW'D YOU LIKE A KNUCKLEBURGER?
14/12
MILLAR/HINDS

Since February 1st of this year, JOHN LANE has been the Chief Editorial Cartoonist of the NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE ASSOCIATION. He's based in New York City and is doing 5 cartoons a week. Bill Crawford, incidentally, will continue to do two cartoons a week so NEA clients will receive 7 in all. In addition, for the past 5 or 6 years, John has been doing a weekly science panel which contains a comment on any one of many sciences in cartoon form. As you will notice in the sample included with this story, this is done in a completely different style from his regular editorial cartoons. And periodically Lane does caricatures for the NEA 'Preparedness' features. This versatile artist-cartoonist also does magazine illustration, appears in 'Business Week' at least once a month, sometimes works for 'Golf' Magazine, has done 4 books for Doubleday, one for Prentice-Hall, and a jacket cover for Bobbs-Merrill. He's also building a 28-foot sailboat in his New York apartment! In case this reminds our readers of the fraternity brothers in the old story, who carried all the parts of a Model A Ford into a very small room and then completely assembled the car for a gag, we hasten to say that John has been doing a lot of the SMALLER metal and wooden parts of the boat. He sits out on the Lane terrace, pounding away, to the bafflement of curious neighbors. John's wife, Jane, paints, and they have a 5-year-old son, Matthew John.

JOHN LANE

"Hey! Don't forget I live under the perch!"

Q: As a syndicated editorial cartoonist, do you have to do a lot of fence-straddling since the various papers which carry your cartoons are of differing political persuasions?

A: No. Perhaps that idea prevailed at one time, but the people here at NEA have long realized that no matter how middle-of-the-road you are, you really can't please everybody. So now we figure that if we can please some of the people some of the time, we're following the best policy. The big thing is to put the idea across clearly and simply, and certainly the cartoonist should express his convictions.

Q: *How do you work with Bob Metz, the President of NEA and your editor?*

A: Well, I certainly want, and need, all the help I can get and I want direction. I will show him a sketch, or sketches, of an idea for the day and he's so visually directed that he may possibly say, "It just doesn't work," or "It's not quite clear. What are you trying to say?" But if I have a logical, workable idea, Bob would never say, "We want you to do it this way because this is what *we* believe." If he doesn't like a particular idea, I may get mad, with tongue-in-cheek, and say something like, "I can't go around and show this cartoon to everybody—if you can't understand it, I'll have to go back and rework it so *anybody* can understand it!" I'm lucky that I have editors who care about me and about what I'm doing. I trust the editors here—they don't try to direct me—just try to help me. Bob Cochnar is our Vice President and Editorial Director and Don Graff is our Managing Editor.

Q: Did you always want to be an editorial cartoonist?

A: No. Unlike so many of the men in the field, I was sort of a late-bloomer. I didn't really know that there were other people in the world, I guess, till after I was 25—and I didn't really start to think or be angry at things till after I was 30 or 35. Maybe I was born in reverse—retired till I was 35 and now going to work.

Q: *Will you explain a little more about this?*

A: Well, as I was growing up, my thoughts and actions were almost entirely centered on my own family, and I didn't think about the so-called 'outside world'. But as time went on, my life was affected very definitely by three important people—one I married. I was impressed by what these three said and thought, and I found myself feeling embarrassed at so many of the things I heard *myself* saying, so that I started reading and wanting to know. I began to get angry at myself and at injustices, and I suddenly realized that my drawing was a tool with which I could make these new-found thoughts known. Another of these important three was Walter Coyne, who was at NEA at the time, later went with HEW, wrote speeches for LBJ, and who is now with Atlantic Richfield. I tell him jokingly that he has sold out these days, since he's now writing speeches for the oil men! The third person who influenced me greatly, as I've indicated, was Jerry Sheehan who now has his own Public Relations firm in Paris. I didn't have especially deep conversations with these three—it was just that they made me ashamed and all of a sudden I realized I was like a 350cc. engine that had been idling all the time. I began to feel that I had a potential. And as I said a few minutes ago, I was 30 before I realized there was anybody standing next to me in this world. I started reading, talking, thinking, and caring about everything. I asked for more things to do

and wanted more responsibility. I was made assistant art director and then creative art director at NEA.

Q: I know you feel that your dad, Ralph Lane, influenced you a lot too, and that he was an artist and cartoonist. Would you say a little something about him?

A: Sure—Dad came to NEA in 1945 after having been Roy Crane's first assistant on 'Buz Sawyer'. Before that he'd been freelancing in Kansas City and he'd been in New York in the 30's, where he did cartoons and covers too for the old 'Life' and 'Judge' and other magazines. After coming to NEA, he did the 'Vic Flint' strip for about 5 years. He had had a family strip idea, which was the basis on which he was hired, but gears changed and Ernest (East) Lynn, the Comic Art Director at that time, wanted Dad to draw a strip which East was going to write—'Vic Flint'. It was always done under a ghost name—Michael O'Malley. Later scripts were bought from different writers. After a time the strip wasn't doing too well, so they figured they needed another artist also. Finally Art Sansom did it. As you know, he now does the very funny 'The Born Loser' for NEA.

I remember particularly one of the gems of wisdom my Dad gave me—"Good artists are a dime-a-dozen. They're mechanics, you can buy them. Ayone can learn to draw. But they can't learn to think and to have a flair. When you have an artist with an *idea*, you've really got something!" In this connection I think that the cartoonist is really cheating mankind if his art ability gives him the *mechanics* to say something in this world, and he doesn't bother to think about *what* to say but just draws for himself. With our society the way it is, we have to communicate if we want to survive. We're a complex society of many animals together, and if we all try to be an island, we will die.

Another of my Dad's little tips was, "If it looks right, it *is* right." I didn't know what he meant when he first told it to me, but I realize the truth of it now. I often use a reducing glass or hold a cartoon up in front of a mirror to see whether it looks right.

Q: Could we have a brief rundown on how you landed in your present spot?

A: I was born in Missouri, grew up in Kansas City and then we moved to Orlando, Florida in 1943, where my Dad assisted Roy Crane for a couple of years. As I mentioned before, our family came to Cleveland in 1945. My mother was a fashion illustrator so my interest in art came naturally. I attended the Cleveland Institute of Art for a couple of years, and then went into the service in Korea. After discharge, I freelanced for a while and then went to work in Cleveland for a printing company that was going to start an art department. I became their art director. Later I went with NEA in 1956. The change in my thinking habits, incidentally, which I've been talking about, occurred 3 or 4 years after this. John Fischetti was the principal editorial cartoonist for NEA at the time I went with them and I wasn't even interested in doing a weekly political cartoon for them. I guess I didn't have enough confidence to think that what I was angry about would be what anybody else would care about, and it took me a while to realize that "I am a People." In this connection, I had known so many adequate artists who were doing real well because of a plethora of confidence, and also some really good artists who went nowhere because they couldn't stand rejection.

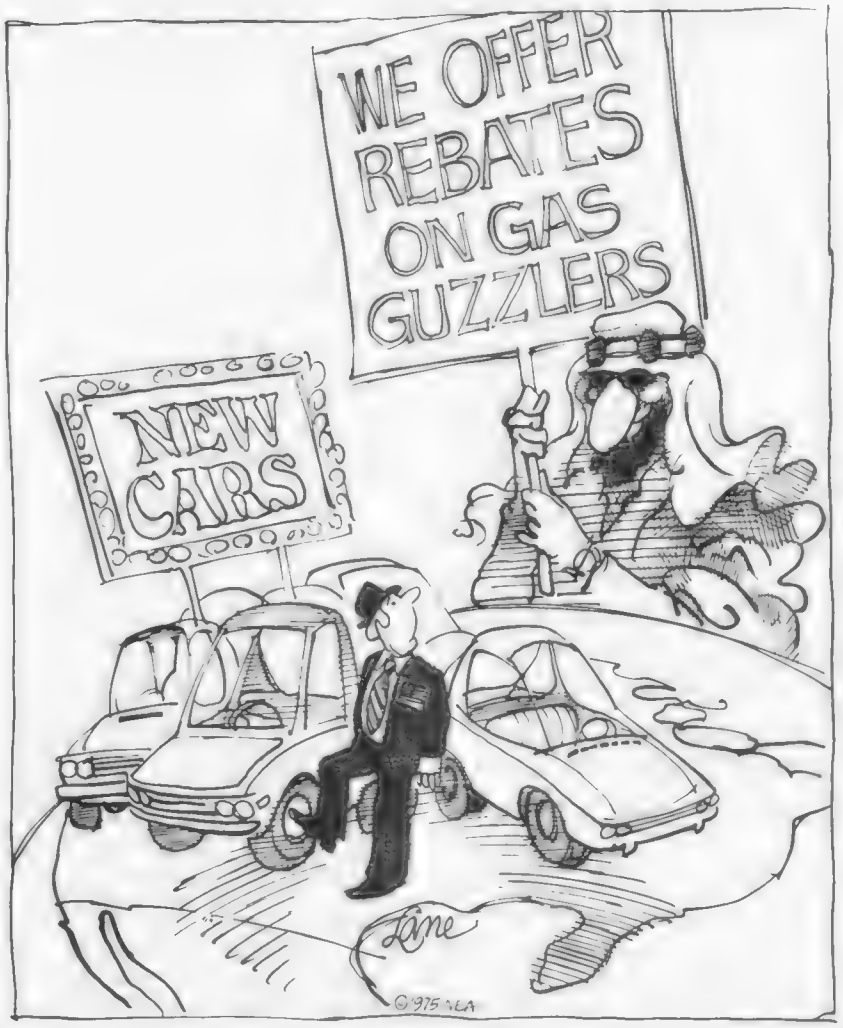
Q: You've done a variety of things at NEA, haven't you?

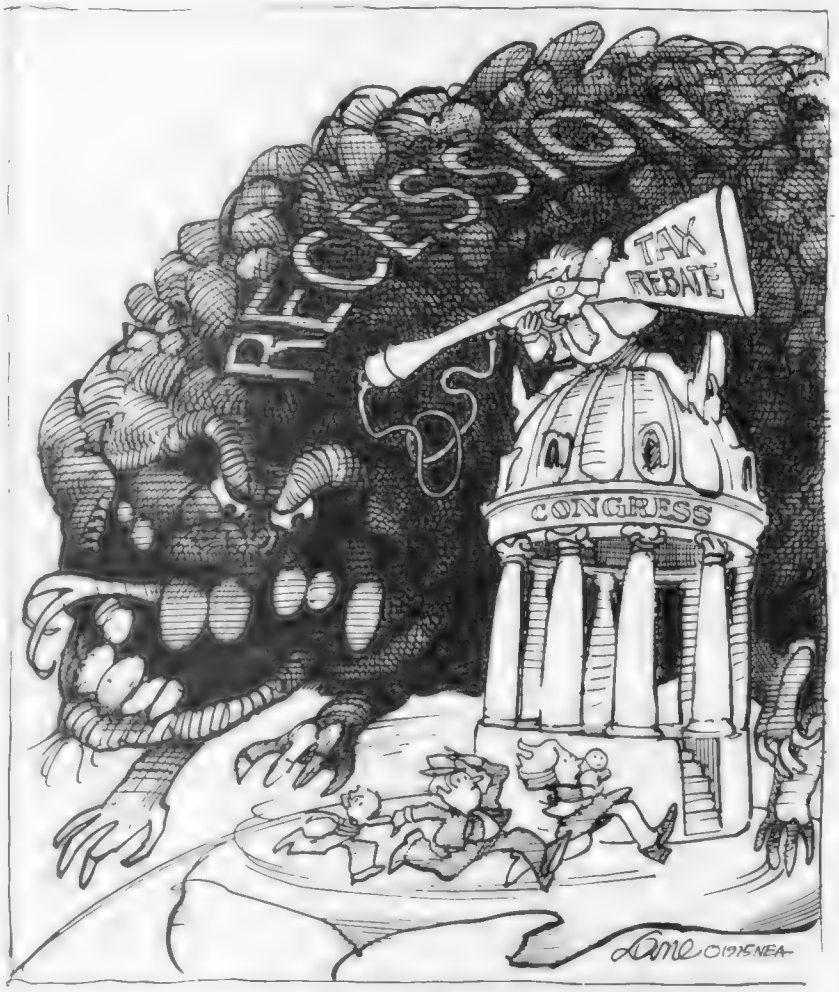
A: Yes, for a while I drew a Sunday comic strip, written by Russ Winterbotham, which was called "The Good Guys." All the characters were people at NEA but after a while it died a natural death. And I sketched at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, and I can recommend this sort of thing to young cartoonists for the intellectual stimulation one gets from it.

Q: You're good at caricature—would you say something about that?

A: A caricature can be a bland exaggeration of just the features of a face but it will be much more successful when it conveys your opinion of that person. When doing a caricature of a politician, it's important to have an opinion of him, and this means that caricatures of him by different cartoonists may look somewhat different from each other. You can make a statement with a caricature—something that the reader or viewer can't get out of a photo, or out of a straight drawing or illustration. However, in the case of former President Nixon, things finally got so that every cartoonist was drawing a cliche of Nixon with the ski-nose and all. Probably many of these weren't good caricatures because we'd all gotten used to employing cliches in his case. Right now I'm working on a caricature of Jackie Kennedy whom I don't care a whole lot for. I'm trying to show her mouth, which I don't like, the way I want it and I'm finding it very difficult. And I'll try not to have any glimmer of life in the eyes, so you can see what I mean when I say the cartoonist's opinion enters into the caricature. When I'm doing a caricature, I just use photos as a reference because I might not want my caricature looking the way the photo shows.

Q: Please tell us more about the business of editorial cartooning.





Ready! Aim! —

Gerald Ford

Henry Kissinger

Nelson Rockefeller

Anwar Sadat

Yitzhak Rabin

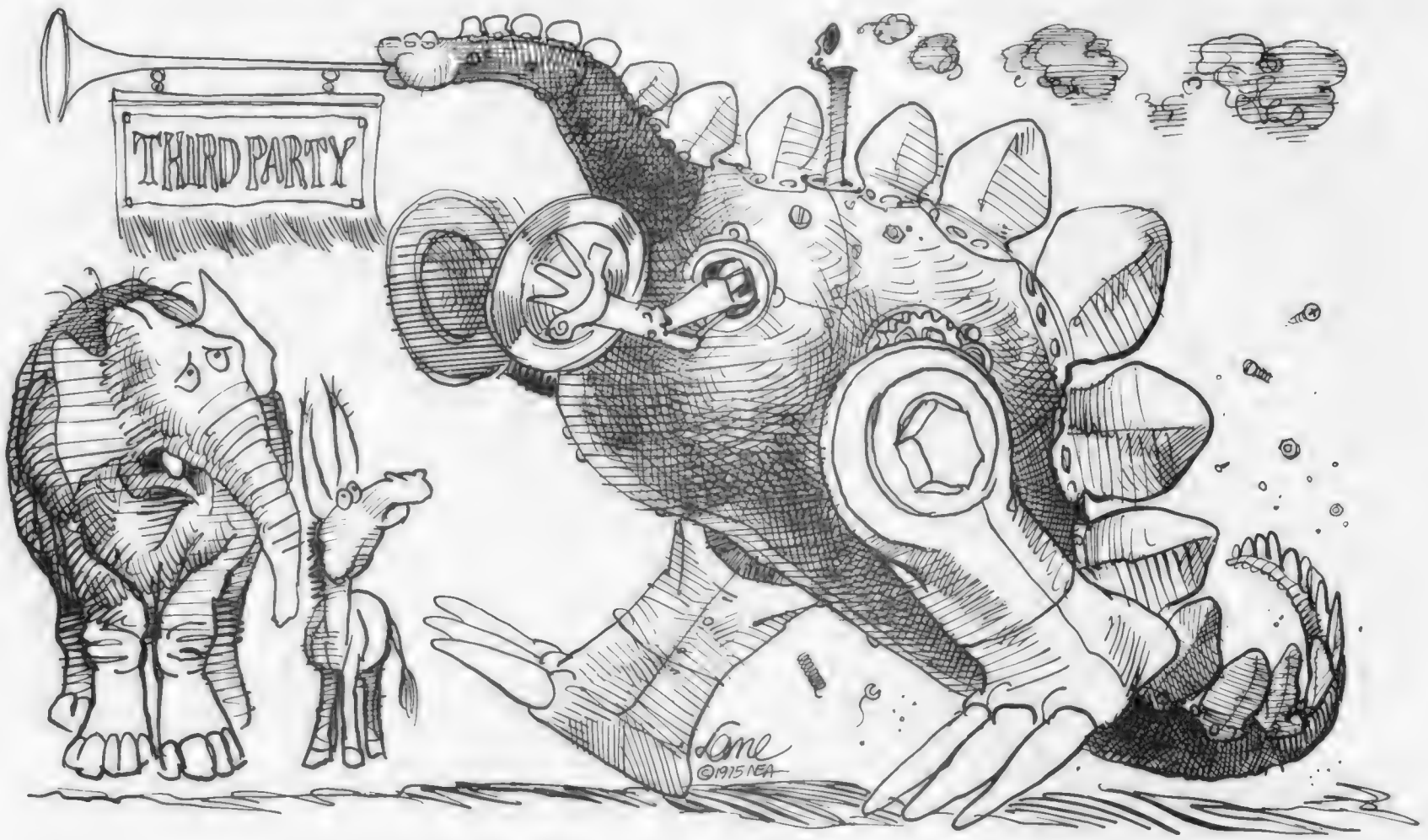
Chou En-lai

Some of John Lane's caricatures

"I always thought you walked on top!"

One of John Lane's science cartoons for Enterprise Science News, a division of NEA.

"Off-hand, I'd say he has grounds for a malpractice suit."



"I thought they were extinct."

Typical of the 'Preparedness' feature issued periodically by NEA.

PREPAREDNESS

EDITORS:

For release upon the death of Mao Tse-tung.

First of Two Pages

After Mao . . .

By Don Oakley

Mao Tse-tung is dead, and the great question that now hangs over China is whether the Communists have succeeded where all the emperors failed — in creating a system that provides for the orderly transfer of power from one ruler to another

The question may not be answered for many years, however

The upheavals that periodically racked China occurred when a challenger came forward to wrest the "mandate of heaven" away from an aging, faltering dynasty and to establish a new one. Within dynasties, or families, emperors usually succeeded one another peacefully.

If communism has truly been established as one more dynasty in the long list of those that have ruled over what has probably always been the most populous and least-known country in the world, then the calm that now prevails in China will continue indefinitely. So will Mao's "thoughts" and so will the developing Sino-American relations that began with President Nixon's visit to Peking in 1972.

This does not mean, of course, that there may not be bitter power struggles among Mao's heirs or would-be heirs behind the walls of Peking's Forbidden City.

But no matter who eventually emerges as first among the equals who direct China's destiny, the evidence overwhelmingly suggests that the Communist order has come to stay.

For the first time in 4,000 years, famine is no longer the great scourge of China. To make a nation of more than 800 million people — a nation that for most of this century has been at war either with itself or with an invader — self-sufficient in agriculture in less than 20 years is possibly the most dramatic achievement in all of China's history.

For the first time, too, China is unified politically as well as culturally.

Yet the world still does not know the full story of the "Cultural Revolution" of the late 1960s, which was inspired by Mao in order to purge the Chinese revolution of "counterrevolutionary" trends he saw.

Chinese youth, particularly the Red Guards, nearly got out of hand. Even today, there is some question as to how complete Peking's rule is over the hinterland. As so often before in China's past, provincial military leaders seem to enjoy varying degrees of autonomy and independence from the central government.

Without the unifying influence of Mao Tse-tung, a repetition of a phenomenon of such elemental fury as the Cultural Revolution could very well set China back a hundred years as a world power China's leaders, especially Chou En-lai and the other aging men who fought alongside Mao through the difficult 1930s and '40s, will certainly not permit this to happen.

In the meantime, Mao Tse-tung in death has truly achieved the status of godhead to which he was very nearly elevated in life. Never have the emotions of the China's teeming millions been so completely focused on one man.

Again, China's new leaders will undoubtedly take steps to insure that this highly useful Mao-worship continues. We will not likely witness anything like a "de-Maoization" process in China.

It will remain for some future generation of Chinese, a generation free to choose the gods it worships, to accord Mao Tse-tung his rightful place in China's history and to balance the deaths of millions, which Mao Tse-tung has been charged with causing, against his role in helping China secure her rightful place in the family of nations.

(NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE ASSN.)

Newspaper Enterprise Association/ New York-Cleveland

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A: I watch the late news programs on TV at night and read as much as I can. Usually these days I read till I get angry enough to make a comment. I cover newsmagazines, read *The Economist, N.Y. Times, L.A. Times.* have a subscription to a southern paper, and I'm in the process of finding a midwestern paper so I can keep in touch with what's going on around the country. And of course we have the wire services here in the office. The whole point is to communicate—most people who think or get angry have just as valid points of view as I do but they can't express them publicly. By the way, I feel if I get too esoteric, and too much involved in what I see in the Washington and New York papers, that I'm going to be making comments on things that many people may not even know about. If I figure that I don't see a subject or an item on TV, or in several papers, it's probably too esoteric for me to use.

Q: Should the daily editorial cartoon be tied in with an editorial?

A: A person going through the paper will stop at the editorial cartoon if it's fun to look at and if it looks easy. Then you've got him and maybe he'll say to himself, "Hey, he's got a point." This is a very important thing, and it points up the advantage of an editorial cartoon over an editorial. One problem is that the editorial cartoon can't say a great deal. To me the ideal would be an editorial cartoon coupled with an editorial appearing on the same page. The cartoon could get the reader's attention, make a small comment to orient him, and then lead him into the written editorial.

Q: Do you still do any life drawing or sketching?

A: Yes, I do, and I"ll tell you why I need the practice. In the case of the first few people I draw whenever I go out on a sketching trip, I find that I'm not drawing that particular person's hand but rather a cliche thing because time is always of the essence, and one naturally wants to cut corners and make things as easy as possible for himself. Another thing that I have to make an effort on has to do with the matter of reading—and, as you know, an editorial cartoonist has to do a lot of that. I'd rather do things than read about them—in other words, I'd rather build a boat, which I'm now doing, than read a book about how to do it. I'm not an intellectual, but I realize that more important really than learning to draw is having something to say—and that means reading and talking. A formal education—is probably more important than the art part of the job.

Q: You use slightly different tools when doing your editorial cartoons than you do with your science cartoons. Is that correct?

A: Yes, I use the famous Gillott 290 pen which will produce a fine line or a very thick line for the editorial cartoons, and I use a slick (plate finish) Strathmore because the pen doesn't drag as much as it would with a medium or rougher surface. I don't use a brush on the editorial cartoons. On the science cartoons, a sample of which you're including here, I usually use a No. 5 brush. ●

SAID & DUNN

Famed King Features cartoonist, BOB "They'll Do It Every Time" DUNN.

An Eric Ericson cartoon rough

Eric Ericson, or Airwick Airwickson, as I called him, was a professional cartoonist of the magazine gag genre who epitomized the uncertainties of the freelancer's life. He sold stuff to the New Yorker, Post, Colliers — all of them, but had a tough time getting enough to eat.

Airwick was like a big friendly St. Bernard, but the type whom the frozen wayfarer would end up having to help.

Physically he was a big guy. He looked like Vernon Dent, a silent movie comedian of the old Christie comedies. He was child-like. One time he drove me home from a New York Hospital after I recovered from a hernia operation. At my house in Jersey he was right at home with my three little kids whose age range was ten, seven and five, except that my ten-year old tired quickly of Air's animal imitations: Putting two cigarettes hanging down from the corners of his upper lip, bellowing and flapping his flippers was his trained seal impersonation. Then taking off his jacket he draped it over his head with one sleeve hanging down in front. Swinging his head and sleeve from side to side, he'd announce: "An elephant!" Then with both sleeves swaying he'd say: "The only elephant in captivity with *two* trunks!"

Ericson belonged to the Society of Illustrators. It was a refuge for him. He appreciated the buffet-style luncheons and dinners served at the E. 63rd St. clubhouse, and would stoke up on food. None of us realized that he actually went hungry some days waiting for a check from the magazines. He'd go back so many times to refill his plate it got to be a gag. Teddy, the maitred' would waylay him and say: "Seconds okay, thirds are a 'H'mmm' (and here he'd wiggle his hand in a "cum ci, cum ca" gesture) but fourths are "like hell you will!" Ayer would laugh it off and fill his plate not withstanding. And Teddy didn't have the heart to stop him. I mention this to show that food was always on the poor guy's mind. One time I took my son, Bob Jr., then about eleven years old, to lunch at my favorite restaurant, the Palm. Ayerwick was hovering about, so I invited him along. I ordered a hot roast beef sandwich. Ayerwick ordered the same. Bobby ordered a roast beef plate with all the trimmings, twice the size of our sandwich order. I found out later that Ayerwickson had touted the kid into ordering big even after Bobby said he only wanted pie a la mode. Ayer was looking out for himself. He devoured his sandwich in no time while Bobby just picked at his big slab of beef.

"Aren't you going to finish that?" Asked Ayer.

"No — I've had enough," Bobby told him.

And to save it from going to waste (so he said) big Ayerwick polished it off, down to the last gravy swipe and watercress frond.

Ayerwick wasn't a hit with girls. He tried with a lot of them but as one wise old dame put it: "A girl senses that he'll never set the world on fire. He wants somebody else to keep him warm."

It became so plain that Ayerwick was striking out with girl after girl that some of his pals fixed him up with a worldly gal who, as the expression goes, had round heels and couldn't say no. But even with this soiled dove, Ayerwick didn't score. His pals got a run-down from the girl herself. "The big dumb bastard took me to visit friends of his, Greg D'Alessio and his wife Hilda Terry. They fed us, Eric told lousy gags all night, always asking me 'Is that funny?' when the D'Alessios threw us out, we didn't take a cab. He walked me three miles to my place. I let him come in. I gave him a drink. He edged toward my icebox and asked me if I wanted a sandwich. I told him that I had nothing to make a sandwich with. He didn't take my word for it. He opened the door and give the larder a good two minute inspection, including the freezer compartment. "Okay if I have some rye bread?" he asked, already unfurling the cellophane wrapper. I didn't answer him. He finger-walked down the top brown crusts of the bread to the middle of the package and pulled out the two biggest slices. He guessed correctly where the plates and knives were kept and put bread on plate, knife alongside, on the sink counter. He went back to the open fridge, took out butter and proceeded to lay thick pats of the stuff on both slices of bread. He didn't even try to spread it. He didn't say a word. He was all concentration. Another trip to the fridge and he was unscrewing the top of a mustard jar, using the knife like a trowel he coated the buttered bread with a thick layer of mustard, slapped both pieces together, took a big bite and walked to the living-room, turned on the TV with his free hand and plopped himself down on the divan, wolfing his Ericson-Dagwood. Finally he belched, pardoned himself and nodded off to sleep."

The young lady had met a lot of foul balls in her days and nights but this one was Magna Cum Jerko. She got his coat and hat, shook Ayerwick awake, opened her apartment door and told him "YOU! OUT!" Ayerwick stretched, yawned, stood up and walked toward the girl. He didn't take the coat and hat but instead asked "May I use your bathroom?" Miss Uptight didn't bother to reply. She pushed the big bear out, threw his ulster and fedora after him and slammed the door. Beyond the closed portal, Ayerwick had the last word "Should I call you again some time?"

And that, Gentle Readers, is how Ayerwick earned a new nickname: "Mufftail."

Russ Patterson knew a rich widow who threw fabulous cocktail parties. Ayerwyck heard about a party the Lady Bountiful was giving to raise money for some charity or other and included himself in. An auctioneer from Parke-Bernet Galleries was conducting the sale of paintings and drawings of Dali, Bemelman, Remington, Wyeth, Winslow Homer, Maxfield Parrish and Patterson. Eric wanted to do his bit and at the same time get in good with the rich old gal. He gave his hat and coat to the butler who admitted him, retaining a large manil a envelope which he presented to his hostess. "Six of my originals you can raffle off," he told the dowager and then proceeded to eat and drink six plates of original hors d'oeuvres.

Ayerwyck was a magazine gag cartoonist — next to writing songs and acting, the toughest racket there is, especially now that so many magazines have folded. When Eric was breaking in, the Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, American Magazine, Redbook, Liberty and many lesser publications now defunct were printing about twelve gag cartoons each per issue. Eric would rough up twelve gags a week and like all the gag artists would make the rounds every week hoping for an okay on some of the week-before's submissions. I remember the first one he sold. It was a monkey with a marionette of a man on its paw. Ericson's cartoon roughs developed a pattern. He'd do a couple of the hackneyed guy-and-doll-on-a-desert-isle; three or four on a wedding theme like the barefoot groom helping his bride into a car with a lot of shoes tied to the rear bumper, or a hefty bride

Eric Ericson, Bob Dunn & Otto Soglow, with an unidentified actress, appearing in a National Cartoonists Society show.

carrying a skinny husband over the threshold. Every week he'd include a gag on two about waltzing mice. The waltzing mice and gags built around base viol players were recurring subjects for his drawings. It was almost as if he drew them to warm up. About one out of his twelve ideas would be a gem. But most of the time even the gem would be rejected by the hard-to-please editors. When Ayerwyck had a bad week — every gag rejected — he'd drop in to see me to show me what hadn't sold because I'm a good audience. He'd be encouraged if I got a laugh out of any of his work. I'd go through that week's versions of the waltzing mice, the brides and grooms, the shipwrecked couple, the viol sawyer and finally the inspired gag which Ayerwick was sure I'd appreciate. I remember one — an office worker on a pogo stick jumping over the assistant manager at his desk toward a door marked "President." The caption had the ass't. manager saying, "I resent you going over my head, Hufnagel!" Ayerwick waited for my reaction. To kid him I said "This is a swell gag. I thought of it last month." Poor Ayerwick was disappointed and muttered "I guess it is kind of obvious." That became a running gag between us. When he'd show me his good ones I'd always give him the "thought of it last month" business. He knew it meant I liked the gag and he go away happy.

One day he came in and announced he had just sold three cartoons to the New Yorker. He showed them to me. Door gags. I remember the first one. It was an office door. The lettering on the glazed glass proclaimed "House Beautiful". On the knob hung a sign "to lunch out." Another one was "City Planning Board." The door and lettering thereon was upside down. He sold many door gags to the New Yorker. He was at his peak. He was signed by King Features to do a weekly color page "Herkimer Fuddle." But his success didn't last long. It seemed that when he did put a deal over he'd lose interest. Both the door gags and Herkimer ran about one year. He tried to sell a strip "Jasper of the Jungle." It was about an anemic Tarzan. It never got going.

Ayerwick got a bit desperate and even daydreamed out loud of marrying the rich Park Ave. widow. But he neglected mentioning it to her and Mufftail had to look for his pot of gold in other directions.

His next get-rich-quick project came to light when he corralled a few solvent cartoonists to his apartment to meet a Swedish inventor. I went. Ayerwyck thought anybody who had a job was in the money.

The inventor was a real conman. His idea was animated signs for store windows, which was not new but which he proceeded to talk up like it was the greatest thing since the automatic zipper.

"See — it's in color — runs on AC or DC current or batteries. Cheap to manufacture — there's millions in it. We need a few thousand to launch it.

Eric, smoking one of my cigars, wanted his friends to know what it meant to him. "When it gets going I get $500 a week, right?" He asked the pitchman. "At least!" Promised the bodysnatcher, adding "If it takes off like I know it will, you'll be making a thousand a week in no time!"

Eric was the picture of a big business tycoon as he blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward and savored his future. "But if I draw the animation and work on ideas — that could be worth $1,500, $2,000, a week, right?, said Ayerwick, getting his demands on the record.

"Right! $3,000 a week! The sky's the limit!", vowed the Swede tout as Ayerwick nodded okay and blew more smoke dollar signs.

All the supposed pigeons left hurriedly on one pretext or another. I remember using a gambit I'd heard one of th Guggenheims use on a promoter. "Send a prospectus to my lawyer." I gave him the name and address of my loophole inspector and made him write it down, even though we both knew he didn't want to bother with prospects or legal eagles.

The thing I got a kick out of was seeing Ayerwick go from a $500 a week minor employee to a $3,000 per week partner in less than thirty seconds.

Poor Ayerwick passed away at about age 40. It well may have been from malnutrition.

At a National Cartoonists meeting shortly after his death, his friends stood up one after another and reminisced about Eric. The tales were all funny, and yet a little sad. The eulogies set a precedent. Ever since we salute a brother cartoonist who has passed away in like manner.

I'll bet Ayerwick has a door gag for the pearly gates. A sign over the door-bell, "Ring Like Hell". ●

Photos by Jud Hurd

"When you get a bunch of students in a room, you discover that they've come for 50 different reasons."

H. Kurtz

HARVEY KURTZMAN has been famous as an innovator in writing, drawing, and editing humor throughout his career in cartooning – from the time in the 1950's when he started the war books, "Two-Fisted Tales" and "Frontline Combat" for E.C. Comics, up until the present and his work on "Little Annie Fanny" for "Playboy" Magazine. Comics conventions continually request him as a speaker and for the past year-and-a-half he has been teaching a class in 'Satirical Cartooning' at The School of Visual Arts in New York City. In this first of several conversations with Harvey, he talks about his teaching and also reviews his cartoon career briefly.

HURD: Comics aficionados have for so long been interested in all phases of your cartoon activities that I think we should carry this conversation through several issues of CARTOONIST PROfiles, if you're agreeable. First of all, I know that you've been teaching a class once a week in 'Satirical Cartooning' at The School of Visual Arts in New York City (209 E. 23rd St.) for the past year and a half. How has that been going?

KURTZMAN: Well, I try to tell the students everything I know – as you're aware I write a little, I draw a little, edit a little, and I've published a little. So I teach a little bit of everything, and I assume that the students are best advanced by learning about all of my professional activities. When you get a bunch of students in a room, you discover that they've come for 50 different reasons. So I don't have a plan, except to make these people take what they've got and make the most of it, relative to the areas I know about. I haven't been looking at portfolios of students who've applied in the past but I'm going to start doing this because some kids shouldn't be in a class of this kind and only distract other students. I won't be hunting for previous art training but rather will try to assess what their talent is before they come into the class. I move into projects as quickly as possible and try to get them drawing for reproduction. In the current class we have started an off-campus newspaper which runs on the basis of advertising the students solicit. It's been an inspiring effort but the school may terminate my stay with them because I'm going completely against the current. I began this newspaper with a specific admonition from the President of the school not to do anything unless he saw it. This is ridiculous because you can't do a satirical newspaper and submit it to the head of a school. I understand his position perfectly because, since the school is accredited, it's necessary to solicit all kinds of things, and you're subject to all kinds of strict scrutiny. But within this current class we decided we should do our newspaper strictly outside the school boundaries and limits. This is fine because it's right in the spirit of the publishing of satirical material – you constantly have to battle the established order, and the students are thus getting early practice in this field. This has been most exciting.

HURD: I believe I've heard you say that teaching this subject requires a great deal of improvising.

KURTZMAN: Yes, you really don't know exactly what's going to happen – whether students will respond to a certain kind of lesson. For instance, one day I suggested their doing a political cartoon which would make a statement about the "domino" theory, and the class went dead – absolutely no response. The same thing occurredon another occasion. I happen to be a great enthusiast of the pantomine drawings of the English cartoonist, Bateman, so I came to class with books containing whole pages of his drawings in order to try and inspire the kids. But the class went to sleep – they just weren't on that wave length. On the other hand, the time when I said, "O.K., you have a man and a woman on a desert island – make up a funny situation," they responded very well. Of course this was a classic cartoon situation with a very broad-base appeal. From time to time I've brought in guests like Jack Davis, Bob Crumb, Bob Grossman, etc.

I did discover one important thing about teaching when I first began. The school called me one day, out of a clear blue sky, and asked if I'd like to teach a class. I'd had no previous experience in teaching so I consulted someone on the faculty in panic. It seems he had an army manual which says that the teacher should assume that no one subject will maintain interest for more than half-an-hour. Therefore, since I was to have a 3-hour class, I'd need to have 6 possible subjects in mind, with an additional couple for emergency. It goes without saying that occasionally you may get on a good subject and interest may hold up for a longer period but this turned out to be a magic system for me!

HURD: What was it that turned you toward satire in your own career?

KURTZMAN: I think it's the formation of the brain at birth – I was doing that kind of thing for as long as I can remember. There was my pre-school scribbling in the streets, doing jokes about my playmates and my neighbors to win popularity and to make everybody laugh. It was instinctive, automatic from year 1. I have a peculiar aptitude for working with the present reality. I don't fantasize, and I don't go back into my collection of memories for ancient bits of information on which to base cartoons. I don't remember past experiences whereas some people remember everything vividly and draw or write on that basis. I depend for much of what I do on *recent* experiences and *recent* realities. The world of entertainment divides itself into 2 vast areas – the romantic world as we'd like it to be, and the real world that is. Of course we play with these things in various proportions. "Little Nemo" illustrated marvelous fantasies but this isn't my talent at all. I'm fascinated by the news – have a fetish with it – and I love to read it, watch it, hear it. My greatest excitement comes from the news happening day by day. This attitude probably was the impetus for the

This offbeat feature, 'Hey Look!,' which Kurtzman used to do for Stan Lee, is one which cartoonists and collectors were very aware of.

HEY LOOK!
CLIMBING OVER ROCKY MOUN-TAIN--
SKIPPING RIVULET AND FOUNTAIN--
PASSING WHERE THE WILLOWS QUI-VER--
PASSING WHERE THE WILLOWS QUIVER-- BY THE EVER ROLLING RIVER--
HOOH!
HAAA NATURE! BEHOLD! A MIRRORED POOL-- NESTLED LIKE A GEM--
HAAA! NOT A RIPPLE DISTURBS ITS MIRRORED SURFACE! THIS IS TRULY PEACE!
BEHOLD THE EARTH'S GRANDEUR REFLECTED ONCE MORE IN DAME NATURE'S MIRROR!
©H. Kurtz
I CANNOT RESIST! I WILL SHATTER THE PEACE--I AM CALLED TO NATURE'S BOSOM--AND AT THE COST OF MOMEN-TARILY SHATTERING THIS FAIR MIRROR OF A POOL!
HEY!
THIS REALLY IS A MIRROR!

© Harvey Kurtzman 1975

HEY LOOK
H. Kurtz-8-'48
GOODBYE MY SWEET! I'LL MISS YOU TEDDIBLY!
FEE
BON VOYAGE! THINK OF ME WHEN YOU REACH PODUNK!
AND WRITE! WRITE EACH DAY!
AND I.. I SHALL WRITE YOU, THERE IN PODUNK!
AND WHILE YOU'RE THERE IN PODUNK, AND I'M HERE IN CABAZZIZ, EACH DAY...
..AT 9:00 O'CLOCK WE'LL BOTH LIFT OUR GLASSES IN A TOAST..
..AND WE'LL DRINK TO EACH OTHER... AND THEN YOU'LL KNOW THAT EVEN THOUGH I'M BACK HERE IN CABAZZIZ, I'LL BE THINKING OF YOU THERE IN PODUNK... HEY..
THE TRAIN STOPPED!
YES.. WE'RE IN PODUNK!

© Harvey Kurtzman 1975

war books I began at E.C. Comics. When reality gets too overbearing, we have to fantasize to make the world more palatable for a short time. This feeling for reality is a quality that apparently I was born with – I'm a fantasy idiot, but with reality I'm good. I'm fast and observant and I can outdo the average guy in this particular field. I really react to pictures – the visual – and particularly to the ultra-details that I can grasp at a single sweep. That's where my peculiar talent begins – it's as dumb as that! My ideal retirement probably would be spent at a window fronting on the street, where I'd be watching people go by. Details stimulate visions and aggravate questions. I'll wonder why a thing is the way it is, or an image will give me all kinds of clues to play with. Seeing a lot of stuff, you can't help but be stimulated.

gave artists opportunities to exercise their imagination. Incidentally, I met my wife while there.

After that I went to E.C. Comics where the really good things started happening. I did my first E.C. affiliated story for an uncle of William Gaines. The uncle worked for Columbia University and happened to be in the E.C. office one day when I was showing work. As a result, I did a venereal disease comic book for him (called "Lucky Luke"), and on the basis of this job started an association with William Gaines. I was probably at my creative best at this time. I started the E.C. war books, "Two Fisted Tales" and "Frontline Combat" and then "Mad" magazine. I finally left E.C. and from editing "Mad" went to editing a magazine called "Trump," which was one of Hugh Hefner's first ventures, long before the

"I have a peculiar aptitude for working with the present reality."

Of course I'm very upset by the world – it's often very hard to take, and I'm not at all carefree or glib. That's the curse of reality – being preoccupied with it – you see a pretty grim picture. I wish I could fantasize at times.

HURD: Why don't we talk about some of the steps you've taken along the way?

KURTZMAN: Attending the High School of Music and Art, an idea of Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia's, will affect me and the other students for the rest of our lives. It was one of the first attempts at creating an all-arts school. The process of bringing together talented kids in these fields was very important and I made more permanent friends there than anywhere else in my school career.

I had started doing freelance comic book work before World War II – it was a burgeoning industry – they were buying everything in sight. If you could scratch an approximate picture with your elbow dipped in India ink, you could get a job. I worked for a lot of the big companies before the war – Fawcett, D.C., etc. I was attending Cooper Union art school when the war came. Drew cartoons all through the war – lots of latrine signs, etc. – then went right back into comic books after it was over, working for Stan Lee. People like Stan

Playboy Clubs, "Playboy" magazine, etc. I had some of the most talented people working for me like Arnold Roth and Bob Blechman. The emphasis was on satire and we wanted to do an upgraded "Mad" with lots more color and higher price. However, we failed after a couple of issues.

Following this, the artists got together and we decided to put out our own magazine, a project which was probably akin to taking an ocean liner through a field of icebergs. "Humbug" was a casebook example of why artists shouldn't be their own business men. It continued for a year, was artistically gorgeous and practically disastrous. The pricing structure and size were wrong, the format didn't fit on newsstands. It was a classic of sorts.

HURD: What came next?

KURTZMAN: I went into sort of a 50-50 partnership with Jim Warren with the understanding that he'd provide the money and I'd provide the work for a magazine. "HELP" continued for a couple of years but it was always 'teeter-tottering.' We filled part of the book with movie stills for which we wrote captions. And for a minimal price we got newspictures from AP or UPI to which we added funny lines. We got cartoons from schools and students and new people, did a lot of photographic stories, and would sometimes send an artist on an assignment to do several pages of cartoons. Incidentally, my first assistant on "HELP" was Gloria Steinem. Bob Crumb started with the magazine, as well as Gilbert Shelton, Jay Lynch, Skip Williamson and others. Dick Van Dyke, Woody Allen and Dave Garroway did stories, and Terry Gilliam, who does the animation, a lot of the directing and some of the acting on the "Monty Python" TV show, followed Gloria as my assistant on "HELP."

It happened that I used to do a comic strip called "Goodman Beaver" in the magazine. It had a running continuity, along the lines of "Candide," in which the hero was a blue-eyed, innocent who always found himself in the crossfire of the world's problems. Now I had kept up my lines of communication with Hugh Hefner and we suddenly got the idea of turning Goodman Beaver into a girl who became the present "Little Annie Fanny." She was also to be the victim of all the problems of the world.

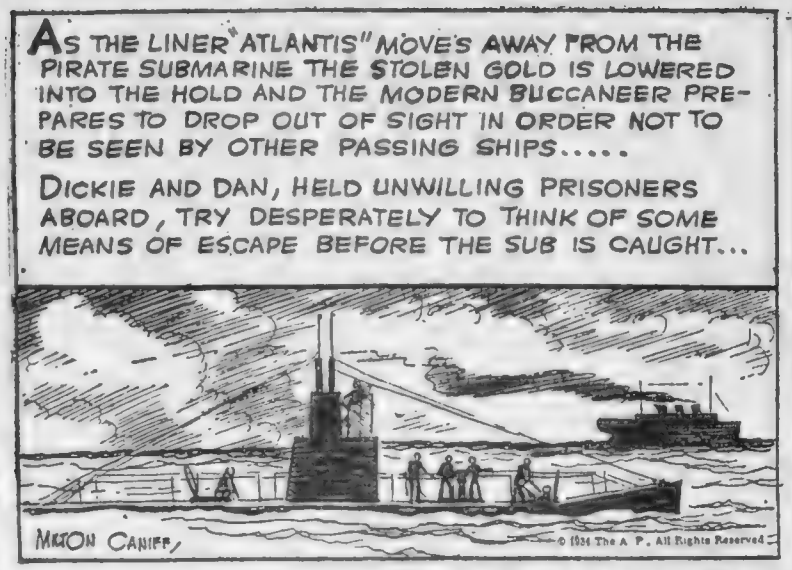
HURD: What's your procedure on "Annie?"

KURTZMAN: I write the story and then go into consultation with Will Elder, and whomever else I can round up, to try to come up with funny gags, etc. I work with everybody – people from the Playboy organization, friends and others. Once a story line starts moving, I try to give it maximum exposure in order to pack it with as many sight gags as I can that are relative to the story. Very often I'll research the story as I did on one pertaining to St. Tropez in France a month or two ago. I had to go to St. Tropez and I found it to be a spectacular topless beach, second to none in the world, filled with beautiful women of all ages and sizes – incredible! Next I make a story board. Then from that I make blowups and color sketches, and finished pencil renderings. I pass these on to Will Elder and he changes everything, coming up with his own rendition of my rendition. Will's artwork is rendered in watercolor and most people are amazed by the result. Most people leave spots everywhere when they're watercoloring but when Will is finished it looks as though the drawing had been done with an airbrush. When he sits at his board, he's like a squirrel peeling an acorn with those nervous, quick movements, because he has to be very fast and sure with watercolors. By laying the color on again and again, and by making overlays and overlays, building up his color, he gets that perfection in his tones. The panels are little paintings, and I don't think anybody has done anything in the past, or will do anything in the future like it.

TO BE CONTINUED

New Book

DICKIE DARE— *(1934)*


AS THE LINER "ATLANTIS" MOVES AWAY FROM THE PIRATE SUBMARINE THE STOLEN GOLD IS LOWERED INTO THE HOLD AND THE MODERN BUCCANEER PREPARES TO DROP OUT OF SIGHT IN ORDER NOT TO BE SEEN BY OTHER PASSING SHIPS.....
DICKIE AND DAN, HELD UNWILLING PRISONERS ABOARD, TRY DESPERATELY TO THINK OF SOME MEANS OF ESCAPE BEFORE THE SUB IS CAUGHT...
MILTON CANIFF,
© 1934 The A. P. All Rights Reserved

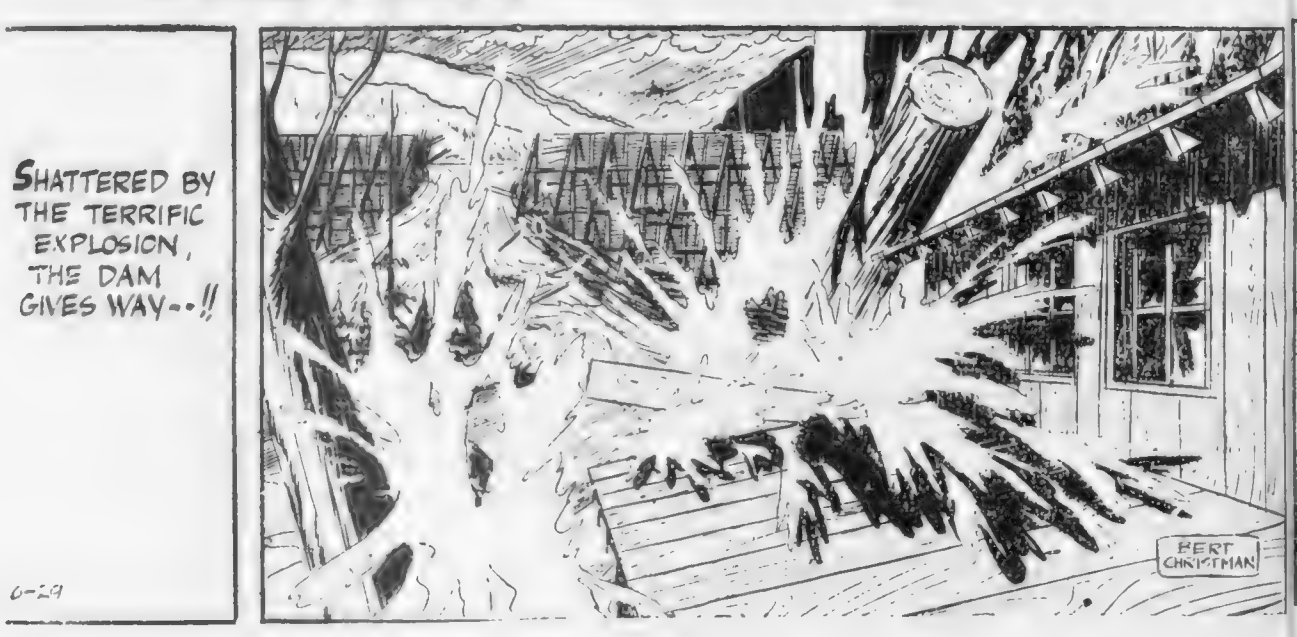
Big Haul

"THE ADVENTUROUS DECADE"

by Ron Goulart

Q: This isn't a book which gives the chronological history of the comics from the very beginning, is it?
A: No — some of the books on the subject take the reader all the way back to the cave paintings at Altamira, and eventually take up 'The Yellow Kid' and 'Little Bears and Tigers', a feature by the way which never existed. So I didn't try to cover everything — and didn't want to get into the sociological implications of characters as has been the case with many papers on comics coming out of some of the universities. Those methods are fine for them, but my preferences are different — that's all.
Q: How did you approach the subject?
A: As you know, 'The Adventurous Decade' is concerned with just one type of comic strip so it was possible for me to interview personally more cartoonists than many researchers have done. Many writers on the comics have been more involved with statistics than I am. When I'm quoting a cartoonist in the book, I've occasionally even left in a few inaccuracies simply because they were actual quotes from the cartoonist. I wanted to make it clear that even *he* doesn't always remember the exact day his own strip started, etc. One other thing — I've dug into and discussed not only the major adventure features such as Buck Rogers, Capt. Easy, Tarzan, Flash Gordon, Dick Tracy, Terry, Mandrake, Prince Valiant, etc., but I've made it a point to cover in detail a great many of the second-banana strips such as Jim Hardy, Bronc Peeler, Oaky Doaks, Speed Spaulding, Dickie Dare, Myra North, and a number of lesser-known ones.

SCORCHY SMITH *(1938)*



By Milton Caniff

ABIN IDE
AYE, SIR!
THEY'RE LETTIN' ME COME IN HERE NOW AN' THEN TO BRING YOU GRUB, DAN— WE GOTTA THINK O' SOME WAY TO GIT OUTA HERE!
WE COULD SWING IT IF I WEREN'T CHAINED UP HERE LIKE A MAD DOG!—WHAT A MESS!
10-22
EIGHT MILLIONS IN PURE GOLD! PY GOLLIES, VE ARE DOIN' POOTY GUTE, EH? —BUT VE MUST STRIKE AGAIN SOON BEFORE VE GET OUR-SELPS CAUGHT!
RIGHT!

RON GOULART, the prolific author of 50 books of humorous science fiction, mystery, crime, etc., and a longtime comics fan, has just finished THE ADVENTUROUS DECADE, which is concerned with the adventure strips which were produced in the 1930's. It's scheduled to be published by Arlington House by the time you read this, and will also be a selection of the Nostalgia Book Club. His approach to this subject has been somewhat different from that of some other authors of books on comics, and he talks about that in the following conversation. In addition to his many novels, he was the author of 'Cheap Thrills', a history of the pulp magazines, and 'Assault on Childhood', which discussed many of the things that are sold to kids — toys, food, etc. Back in Goulart's college days at Berkeley, he was submitting both stories and cartoons to magazines. However, the stories were generally accepted and the cartoons were rejected, so he chose writing as a career. Ron and his wife, who is a trophy-winning long distance runner and a successful writer of cook books, have 2 sons and live in Wilton, Connecticut.

Q: Some of your chapter headings need a little explaining. Would you say a few things about those?

A: Well, in Chapter 1, "What The..?", I talk about 'Minute Movies' which started off as a humor strip, a parody, and then gradually turned into an adventure strip. I spent some time talking with Wood Cowan who was a close friend of Ed Wheelan's, and I supplemented that by referring to some of the correspondence I'd had with Ed over the years. Some of the family strips like 'The Nebbs', that spun off 'The Gumps', are included here.

The title of Chapter 2 'Lickety Whop!' derives from those words which were prominently lettered whenever Capt. Easy hit someone in the jaw. Chapter 3, titled 'Tarzan Every Sunday' is self-explanatory but I should note that all of these chapters include the strips which have been in the same category as the one mentioned in the chapter title. Incidentally, I imagine that part of this chapter will be controversial because I've never been very fond of 'Valiant' whereas I think Foster's Tarzan was one of the best things ever done by anybody in the strip field. There's also material in this chapter on 'Tim Tyler's Luck' and 'Jungle Jim'. In this connection, when I worked in Hollywood, I knew Nat Edson, one of the least publicized cartoonists, who did the daily and Sunday Tim Tyler from 1935 to 1945. Most people have been under the impression that the strip represented Lyman Young's work during this period. Chapter 4 is 'That Buck Rogers Stuff'. Chapter 5 is titled 'Gangbusters', and is the longest one in the book with almost every detective strip covered. For instance there's 'Jim Hardy' by Dick Moores which was somewhat in the Chicago Tribune cartoon style because Moores had been Chester Gould's assistant for 5 years, doing lettering and backgrounds in 'Dick Tracy'.

Chapter 6 — 'Been Around the World in a Plane, Settled Revolutions in Spain' — covers the airplane strips. In the preparation of this one I got one of those rare interviews with Noel Sickles. By the way, did you know that he designed the 'Terry' and the 'Steve Canyon' logos? Chapter 7 is 'Terry & The Pirates' and Chapter 8 is titled 'Gloryosky!' This latter one deals with the various kid strips, the put-upon-waif-types. In line with my emphasis talking with as many people in the field as possible, I spent an afternoon with Coulton Waugh a couple of weeks before he died. He spoke about 'Dickie Dare', how he got the job, etc. He'd never met Caniff and took over the strip in the middle of a continuity. There's also a chapter on the superheroes, on the sports strips, the cowboy features, and the military strips. ●

By NOEL SICKLES

RT TMAN
GUNNING THE FLUTTERING SHIP TO FULL THROTTLE, BUZZ SWIFTLY CLIMBS TO SAFETY---
© 1938 The A. P., All Rights Reserved
..AND WATCHES THE TORRENT FLOOD THROUGH THE STEAMING TIMBER TO THE BIG LAKE BELOW, CUTTING THE FIRE OFF FROM THE BREWSTER CAMP—
NOW TO LOCATE SCORCHY, WITH DAD AN' SIS—

Phil Love

Here is another column by PHIL LOVE, former Feature Editor of THE WASHINGTON STAR, longtime writer of books and newspaper stories, and producer of the weekly syndicated column, LOVE ON LIFE. As our readers well know, Phil has an endless fund of stories about cartoonists, and it's our pleasure to share them.

LOVE TO ALL

Last October 11, while Alfred Andriola (Kerry Drake) was recuperating from the effects of running the Newspaper Comics Council meeting in the new Museum of Cartoon Art and Hall of Fame in Greenwich, Conn., a ten-pound boy was being born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colbert in Philadelphia.

I don't have to be the least bit psychic to know exactly what you're thinking. Your first thought is, So what? Then you think, Is Alfred the baby's grandfather or uncle?

No, Alfred isn't related to the infant in any way. In fact, Mr. and Mrs. Colbert are total strangers to him. The first he heard of them was when he slit open an envelope marked "Very Personal, Please Forward," and found a card announcing the baby's birth. It had gone first to the Philadelphia newspaper carrying Alfred's daily and Sunday feature, from there to the Field Newspaper Syndicate in Chicago, and thence to the cartoonist's studio in New York's Greenwich Village. On one side of the announcement one of the Colberts had penned this note:

"Dear Mr. Andriola: We certainly hope this is as great an honor to you as it is to us to be able to use your famous name for our newborn son.

"We were wondering if you could possibly send us an original drawn cartoon so we may have it framed for his room. In years to come, we are sure, he will appreciate more and more who we have named him after with this relic from you."

A postscript promised "a better photo as soon as they are ready."

The artist noted with inexplicable pride that Alfred Andriola Colbert was 21 inches long at birth. That's 38.33 percent as long as the baby's namesake has ever been — or, for that matter, ever will be.

"It's almost as though lightning has struck twice," Alfred told me. "A little over two years ago I received a letter from Mrs. Robert Drake in Garden City, Kansas, telling me that, in 1954, she and her husband had named their son Kerry because they were 'great fans of the strip.' The boy is now nearly 21 years old and a student at the University of Kansas. We've never met, but we correspond."

* * *

THAT REMINDS ME of a letter received by Jerry Marcus (Trudy) from Sue (Mrs. Thomas W.) Wheat. It said:

"When we moved to Colorado Springs in 1968 and began to take the Sun, we were introduced to Trudy and her family.

"Since my husband enjoyed large doses of quiet first thing in the morning with his newspaper and coffee, I used to come down to find a particularly fitting Trudy stuck to the fridge. Sometimes, when he got home from work and found one I'd stuck up to poke fun at him, he'd say, 'I thought I'd find that one when I got home!'

"He was killed three years ago when his plane crashed in the Rocky Mountains near here.

"Every now and then one of my kids will say, 'Did you see Trudy today? I'll bet Dad would have put that one on the fridge! And when the one about Trudy's mother's letters being like catalogs was printed, I sent it to my Mom, whose twice-a-week letters look like catalogs, and who enjoyed Tom's teasing her about them, 'cause I knew he'd have sent it to her with a twinkle in his eye.

"So, Mr. Marcus, thanks for the fun and laughter — and a few tears — that Trudy and her family have brought to us."

Of all the fan letters that Jerry has received, he cherishes that one most. And as a token of his appreciation, he sent Sue Wheat an autographed copy of his most recent Fawcett paperback, "Hang in There, Trudy!"

* * *

JUD HURD'S 1966 interview with Harry Hershfield, republished in CP number 25 in memory of the beloved cartoonist and raconteur, who died last December 15 at the age of 89, reminded me of the time he bailed me out of an extremely embarrassing situation.

It was the first time I'd met Harry, though he'd been one of my idols since I was a small boy and read his "Desperate Desmond" and "Abie the Agent" in the Baltimore News. The occasion was a dinner of the National Cartoonists Society, which I'd been invited to address by then President Jerry Robinson (Still Life, Flubs & Fluffs).

My speech was preceded by one by then Mayor John V. Lindsay. I had uttered only a few words when Jerry tapped me on the shoulder and whispered, "Forgive me, Phil, but Hizzoner just told me he has to leave. He's late for another engagement. The other officers and I have to escort him to the elevator."

Thinking that getting Hizzoner out of the room would take only a few moments, I remained standing at the lectern, waiting to begin again.

But Hizzoner wasn't in as big a hurry as Jerry had been led to believe. He stopped near the bar to pose for photos and exchange chit-chat with several autograph hounds. It began to look as if he'd never leave.

Meanwhile, back at the lectern, I was fuming inwardly and wondering how best to handle the situation. I'd never been treated so rudely, yet I felt that I shouldn't react unpleasantly. "Be calm, old boy," I told myself. "Don't even *look* annoyed."

Harry, seated next to the lectern, leaned forward and whispered, "Don't let it get you down. When Hizzoner has talked his way out of the building and order has been restored, just say —as if you'd been speaking all the time— 'In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen,' and then pause."

I did as directed, and the response was terrific. Instead of ruining my speech, Hizzoner —thanks to Harry Hershfield— had made it a success. I have a feeling that there's more laughter in Heaven since Harry got there.

* * *

ANOTHER OF the Washington Star's great editorial cartoonists has gone — but not far.

Gib Crockett retired from the Star a few months ago, but he's working as hard as ever in a field to which he has always devoted considerable time and effort in his off hours. He's a fine portrait painter, and when he went home from the paper for the last time, several good commissions were awaiting his attention.

I was assistant Sunday editor of the Star when Gib came to work as an apprentice in the art department, making layouts, retouching photos, and absorbing what he could from the paper's first cartoonist, Cliff Berryman, and his son Jim.

Gib drew quite well even then, but he couldn't spell worth a hoot — which, come to think of it, not many cartoonists can.

During World War II, Gib and I collaborated on a weekly cartoon titled "Wartime Washington." I contributed a few ideas, but most of the best ones were Gib's.

The procedure was for Gib and I to get together one morning each week to decide on an overall theme (Victory Gardens, for example) and discuss how it might best be carried out in a series of sketches. In a little while he'd be back with the penciled drawing, I'd correct the misspellings and make any other suggestions that might occur to me; then Gib would finish the cartoon and deliver it to the photoengravers.

For a long time, Gib and I joked about his quixotic spellings, but one day there were four, and I thought that was at least one too many. The last straw was "hemridge" for hemorrhage.

"I'm tired of correcting your spelling," I exploded. "From now on, you're checking every word you're not 100 percent sure of in the dictionary. We're starting with this one."

Gib went over to the dictionary, leafed through several pages, pausing occasionally to scratch his head. Finally, he turned to me and said, "Could you give me a clue?"

* * *

WARNING: Don't advertise in this magazine unless you're prepared to handle a deluge of responses. Number 25 mentioned the special issue of the little journal of culture and enlightenment that I put together for the Greater Buffalo Press, devoted entirely to the October meeting of the Comics Council. Requests for copies began pouring in almost immediately, and at this writing there's still no letup in sight. If the flood doesn't recede soon, Peter Vogt, Lenord Bethel and Jo Desmore may have to run for higher ground.

Incidentally, one of the requests came from Irv Phillips, who retired his famous "Mr. Mum" panel in 1972, after 17 years of successful syndication, and is now teaching cartooning and gag writing at Arizona's Phoenix College. He wanted 50 copies for his students.

* * *

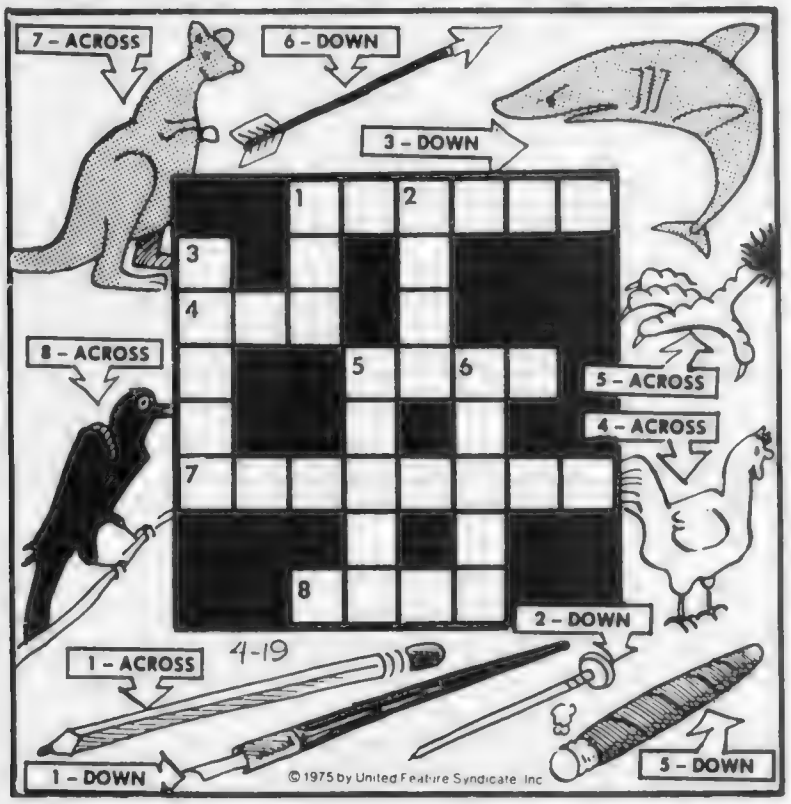
OH — I ALMOST forgot! In number 25 I promised to tell you about the funny thing that happened to Jerry Robinson on his way to my house for dinner. But, alas, I'm out of space again, and it will have to wait until next time.

That'll keep you coming back — I hope.

MR. VERSATILITY

Photo by Fred Keenan — The Patriot Ledger, Quincy, MA.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S PUZZLE



ANSWERS: Across—1. PENCIL, 4. HEN, 5. CLAW, 7. KANGAROO, 8. CROW. Down—2. NAIL, 3. SHARK, 5. CIGAR, 6. ARROW.

LEO WHITE, who produces the "Little People's Puzzle" for the United Feature Syndicate, both daily and Sunday, is a good example of versatility in cartooning. He also creates "TV Starscramble", an anagram type puzzle, and the sport cartoon feature, "SporTrivia". Leo says, "I always wanted to be a sports cartoonist because I'm a sports nut." At the time of this writing, "Little People's Puzzle" was also scheduled to go full Sunday color at any moment. He has done TV work on children's shows as a result of the wide popularity of his puzzles, and his cartoon-illustrated talks are popular on the local lecture circuit in the vicinity of his home in Westwood, Massachusetts. During 4 years of infantry Army service during World War II he became well known for his sketches of prominent sports figures which carried the caption, "They are in the service. Why aren't you?"

The title of this White feature has now been changed to SPORTSPOT.

SPORTRIVIA

HOCKEY'S FAMED STANLEY CUP ORIGINALLY COST $48.67 !

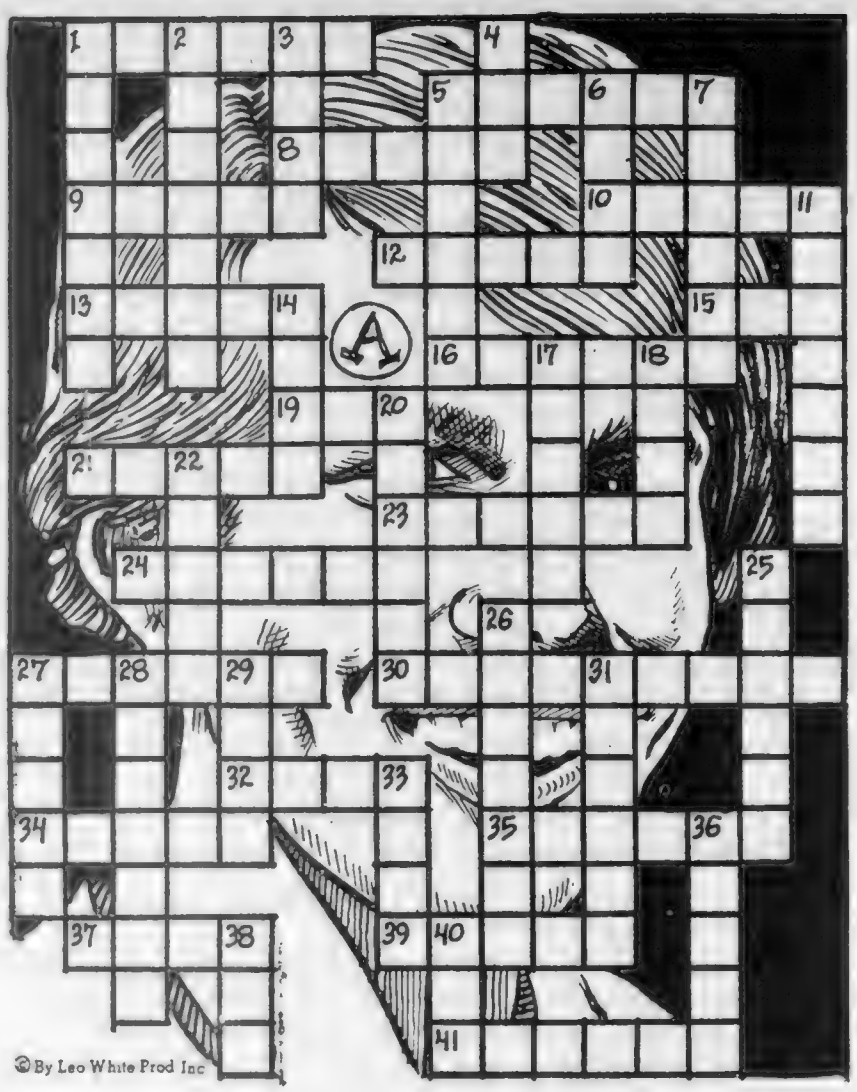
© By Leo White Productions Inc.

SPORTRIVIA

MAN-O-WAR WAS DEFEATED ONCE....THEN BY A HORSE NAMED UPSET !

© By Leo White Productions Inc.

tv starscramble



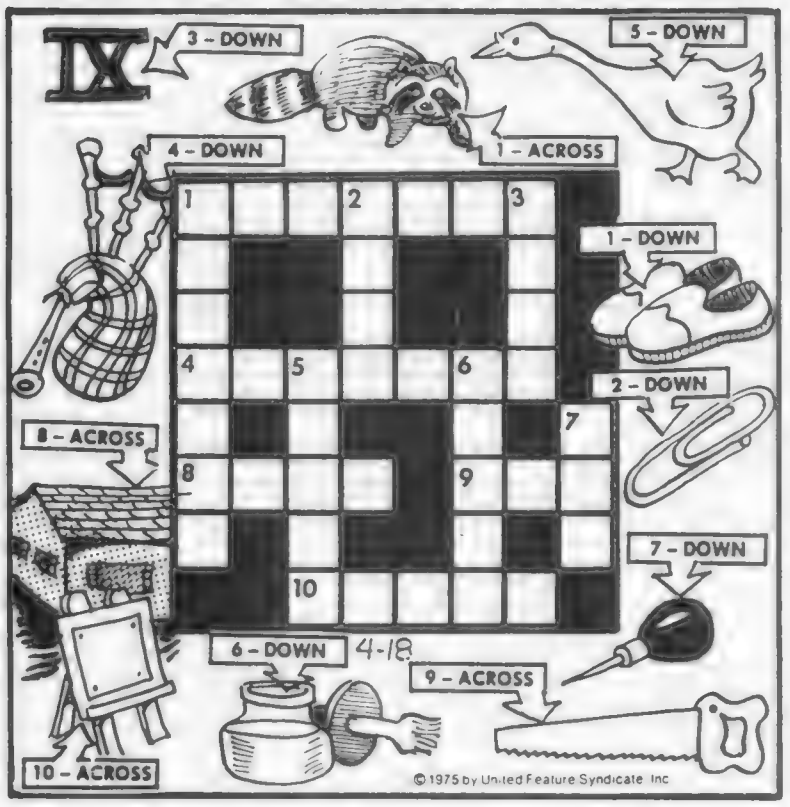
ACROSS

1—Depicted Star A
5—Mannix's Peggy
8—Gerald O'Loughlin on "The Rookies"
9—Amanda Blake role
10—Vincent makes horror movies
12—Doc on "Gunsmoke"
13—Miss Walker
15—Miss Arden
16—Host of "Tomorrow"
19—First name of Star A
21—Petula or Dick
23—Was on "Bridget Loves Bernie"
24—David Janssen show (2 words)
27—"McMillan"
30—"Edith Bunker"
32—Singer-actor Burl
34—Policewoman Dickinson
35—"Marshal Dillon"
37—Played "Big Jethro"
39—Woody or Steve
41—Joanne on "Search for Tomorrow"

DOWN

1—James Stewart role
2—Ralph Waite show
3—Actor Calhoun
4—Laurence Olivier
5—Ken Curtis on "Gunsmoke"
6—Miss Lange
7—Mike on "All in the Family"
11—"Dr. Gannon"
14—Michael or Susannah
17—"Marcus Welby"
18—"Snapper" on "Young and Restless"
20—Remember Gomer Pyle?
22—Played Agent Smart
25—"John Boy" on 2-Down
26—"Felix Unger"
27—Paul on "Manhunter"
28—Host Mike
29—Old TV name of Star A
31—They sang for Welk
33—Miss Lane (The Virginian)
36—George C.
38—Buttons or Skelton
40—Bandleader Brown

LITTLE PEOPLE'S PUZZLE

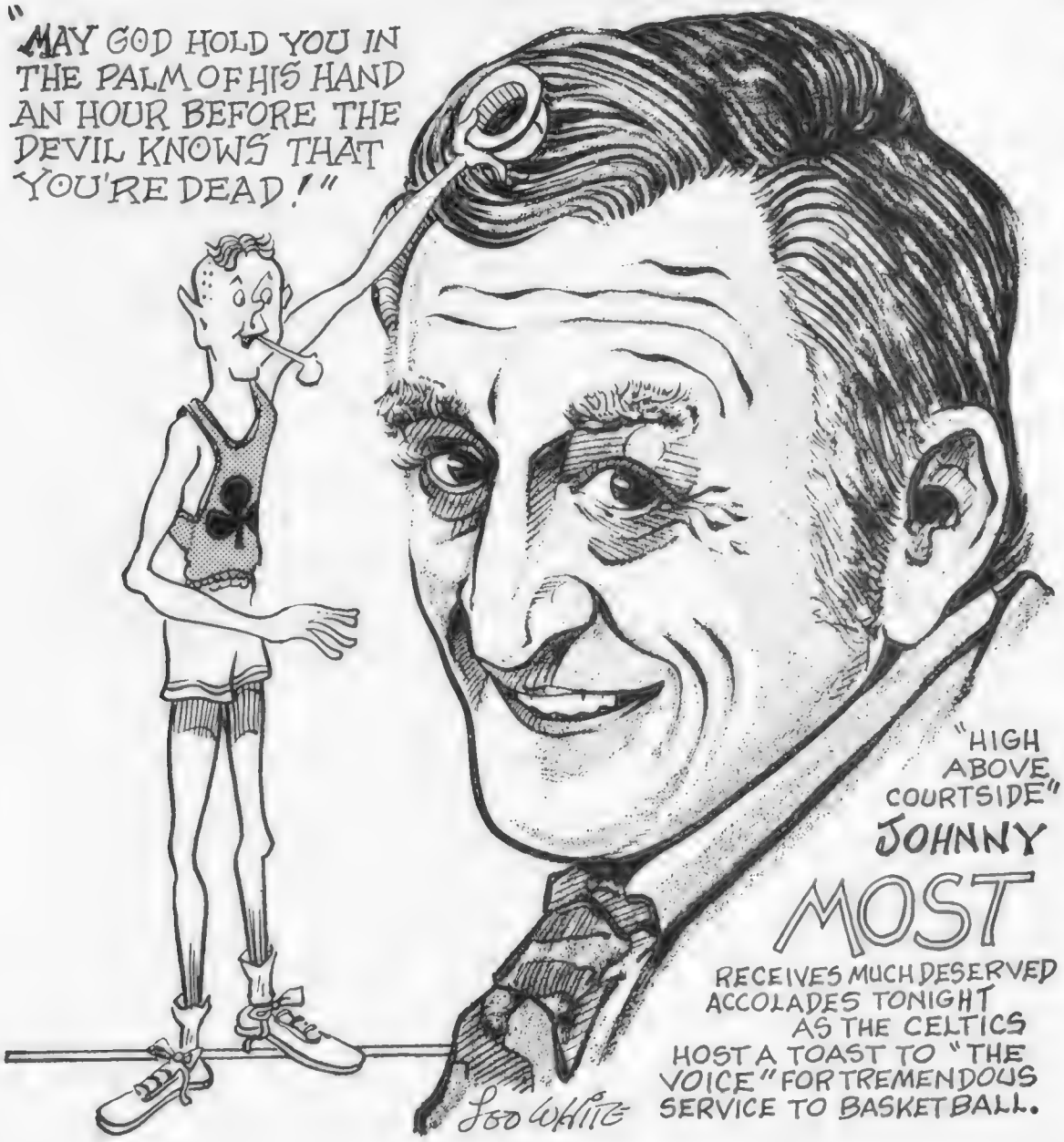


ANSWERS: Across—1. RACCOON, 4. BAGPIPE, 8. ROOF, 9. SAW, 10. EASEL. Down—1. RUBBERS, 2. CLIP, 3. NINE, 5. GOOSE, 6. PASTE, 7. AWL.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S STARSCRAMBLE

ACROSS
1—Howard
5—Fisher
8—Ryker
9—Kitty
10—Price
12—Stone
13—Nancy
15—Eve
16—Snyder
19—Ron
21—Clark
23—Birney
24—Harry O
27—Hudson
30—Stapleton
32—Ives
34—Angie
35—Arness
37—Baer
39—Allen
41—Stuart

DOWN
1—Hawkins
2—Waltons
3—Rory
4—Sir
5—Festus
6—Hope
7—Reiner
11—Everett
14—York
17—Young
18—Espy
20—Nabors
22—Adams
25—Thomas
26—Randall
27—Hogan
28—Douglas
29—Opie
31—Lennon
33—Sara
36—Scott
38—Red
40—Les


"MAY GOD HOLD YOU IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND AN HOUR BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS THAT YOU'RE DEAD!"
"HIGH ABOVE COURTSIDE" JOHNNY MOST RECEIVES MUCH DESERVED ACCOLADES TONIGHT AS THE CELTICS HOST A TOAST TO "THE VOICE" FOR TREMENDOUS SERVICE TO BASKETBALL.
LEO WHITE

By Leo White

The change from being a daily sports cartoonist to the creator of a syndicated cartoon puzzle for children happened in an almost overnight fashion.

Back in 1962, I was sports cartoonist for the Boston American. Meanwhile I had been running Little People's Puzzle in the Sunday Advertiser for nothing on a trial basis, hoping our parent company King Features would pick it up.

Then disaster struck, the paper folded (actually merged with the Morning Record) and Boston had another unemployed artist.

In the meanwhile King Features had turned me down, so I took it away from the Sunday Advertiser. Sam Bornstein the editor, then and now said he couldn't afford to pay me.

I next bundled up what proofs I had and shipped them off to Larry Rutman, boss man at United Features. He called me about three days later and in another day I was in his office discussing a contract.

The feature was launched in July with twenty seven newspapers and we were off and running, just like that. We had a hit.

I had some syndicate experience before this, having sold TV STARSCRAMBLE to Columbia Features about two years previous. TV STARSCRAMBLE is an anagram type puzzle that I designed for the Sunday Advertiser TV magazine. Sam Bornstein did buy this one, and it's still one of the magazine's most popular features.

Being one of the many self taught artists in our profession today, I look back with fond memories of my days as a sports cartoonist for the American.

In those days Boston was saturated with sports cartoonists and newspapers. Bob Coyne was at the Post, Gene Mack was at the Globe, Vic Johnson was at the Herald, Phil Bissell now at the Worcester Gazette was at the Christian Science Monitor, all doing daily sports cartoons. The competition was keen, but we were all the best of friends, still are. I learned a lot from this competition.

Getting back to Little People's Puzzle, the big thing I have found in doing the feature is the fact that you never draw down to the kids. They're too smart, too TV oriented, and if you can draw it they can identify it, but by all means keep it simple.

I now lecture a lot on cartoons and I love to draw live for the kids. A cartoon coming to life holds a great deal of fascination, their faces light up. It 's a very satisfying feeling.

Among all the puzzles I now do, I am under contract with Publishers Service Corp. in Dallas for two other very different weekly TV puzzles. I still find time to draw three sports cartoons a week for the Quincy Patriot Ledger. This is therapy. It also gets me out of the studio for a couple of hours a day. ●

Pioneer
Animated Cartoon Producer
CHARLES R. BOWERS
••Part Two••
by I. Klein

This is the second installment of I. KLEIN's reminiscences about CHARLES R. BOWERS, the pioneer animated cartoon producer, and about many of the events that happened during those early years.

In previous issues of our magazine, Klein, the longtime animator and New Yorker cartoonist, has written the 'Mighty Mouse' story, 'At the Disney Studio in the 30's', 'The Golden Years at Disney's—featuring Bill Tytla', 'Memories of Milt Gross', etc.

As we finished the first installment, Bowers had just been fired from the Mutt & Jeff studio by Bud Fisher's lawyer, and his name had been scratched off of the studio door. But it developed that Bowers was not as easily buried as it at first appeared.

Here are some photos of the animation camera stand which I. Klein has in his home studio, and which he uses for shooting his own animated cartoons.

The camera is a Bolex 16mm for frame-by-frame shooting. It is mounted on a Bolex titler set up on a heavy, firm table in a vertical position. This titler was made for shooting titles horizontally. Some adjustments were made on the carriage carrying the camera which rides on two bars.

About a month later Bowers walked into the studio with a story that had been ordered from him. I don't know how that came about. He must have done some fast talking to the right people. Of course his appearance caused a sudden suspension of work and an awaiting to see what would happen next. We knew he was bringing in a story because he stopped near the office door, waving a large brown envelope in the air: "A fresh story! A damned good story!" That he exclaimed in a dramatic voice. After leaving his material in the office, he came out and called me aside. "I'm going to do a series of Mutt and Jeff cartoons directly for Bud Fisher at my own place. I want you to work with me as my assistant. You'll receive your regular salary from this place and I will pay you an additional amount." I was happy to agree. He was sure he would have no difficulty making the arrangements with Dick Friel. But Dick Friel had no intention of allowing Charles Bowers to get a new foothold. This nice arrangement for me was turned down with a loud *NO*.

Several months went by, my personal feelings for the studio left me. When I heard through a friend that there was an opening in the art department of a trade magazine, I went after it and got it. I told Dick Friel I was quitting, he didn't try to dissuade me. Just wished me luck at my new job. We shook hands. I went around saying good bye to the fellows and girls. I believed I was taking a new turn in my career as a commercial artist. This was at the start of nineteen-twenty, around February. About two weeks later, while at work I received a phone call at the office. The call was from Charles Bowers. How he got this telephone number I never found out. He asked me to come up and work for him. I answered that I had decided to change my profession from animator to commercial artist. He then offered me a tempting salary, as an animator. I weakened and agreed to see him in Mount Vernon (N.Y.) where he lived. He gave me full directions on train and locations.

I took a train up to Mount Vernon that evening. I had to walk a distance from the station. The house was in a suburban setting, brightly lit up. Bowers was waiting for me on the porch. This was not his home. It was a country club with a dance going on. Very gay and bright. Music. Many dancing couples. Mr. Bowers led me to a small side room where there were some tables and chairs. On the way he was greeted by some men as we passed. Also on his suggestion we picked up coffee and cake from a long table near a wall. Over this light repast we quickly settled our business. He gave me his home address in this same town. I was to start on the following Monday. Then he walked me to the front porch and I returned to the railroad station.

The waiting room was large, dimly lit and very quiet. Some people were sitting on benches presumably waiting for a train. I sat down, then got up and walked around. I was restless and excited about my new prospects. The train was long in arriving. I felt self-conscious pacing that room. I thought I'd awaken those sleeping people who pretended to be reading. In one corner of the station was an exceptionally large weighing machine.

As I passed that machine I stepped up on it and dropped a cent into the coin slot. Then as the dial swung around to indicate my weight a most tremendous din started suddenly ...it sounded like a hundred tin cans rattling and sledge hammers pounding on a steam boiler. I was nearly shocked out of my wits. Then I realized it was music coming out of the weighing machine to accompany the weight

revelation. Perhaps to cheer you up if you were disappointed with your avoirdupois. I never noticed my own weight as I looked around and saw all the waiting people staring at me. Just then the train pulled into the station.

Came Monday morning, I was up in Mount Vernon again. The address was of a private house. Mr. Bowers introduced me to his wife, an attractive dark haired woman. I was given a tour of the house, upstairs and downstairs and the finished basement. Everywhere were autographed photographs. They were all photos of actors. So I was told as I was shown around, with a further explanation that the house belonged to an actor friend who had rented the place to them.

The tour wound up in the finished basement. Two animation desks and chairs were there but it did not look like a studio. There was a washing machine and other domestic apparatus besides a coal furnace. There was also a bookcase well stacked with books and some newspapers. Bowers explained that we are not quite ready to go into production. That he has to go out to attend to some business. I could amuse myself with a book. I picked up a newspaper. Prohibition had become the law-of-the-land about a month before. The paper was spotted with items concerning "The Great Experiment" ... about "bootlegging" and poisonous bootleg whiskey. Bowers returned at about 3 P.M. (his wife had served me a nice lunch). He told me to go home and to return the following morning.

On the following morning I arrived early at the Bowers' home. He went off out of the house as soon as I came in. Before leaving he said he was going out to rent a studio, told me to browse through the books lying around. About noon Mrs. Bowers called me upstairs to have lunch. Mr. Bowers returned just as I finished eating. He had a man with him in overalls. The three of us went down into the basement and on my boss's instructions and with his help, we carried up to the street two animation desks and some cartons loaded with art materials and animation paper. Also two chairs. The moving wagon waited for us in front of the house, horse-drawn. We loaded everything on this vehicle and the three of us sat on a board which served as a driver's seat. The man in overalls took the reins and off we drove.

Our destination was a two story brick building around the corner from the Mt. Vernon (N.Y.) City Hall, just a half block from the railroad tracks, which ran through the city below street level. A bridge, level with the street crossed this railroad gully to Front Street, Mount Vernon's main thorofare. The railroad station was located nearby. The next moving step was to carry all the things up one flight of stairs and along a hall to a room on our left. The room was of medium size with one very large window on the left of the doorway. The view from that window was of another large window across an air space of about five or six feet. We could see an office, a white haired gentleman sitting at a desk and a young woman at a typewriter. It was an office of the Mt. Vernon City Hall. Neither that window, nor ours had window shades. Our "studio" boasted of another smaller room connected by a door with the main room.

After our moving was completed, Mr. Bowers gave the mover five dollars which was a most generous fee at that time for a small moving job. As the man was leaving, Bowers asked him to wait. Then he reached into one of the boxes and took out a bottle of Scotch whiskey. This Bowers gave the moving man as an extra tip. Considering that we were in the beginning of the Prohibition Era, this gift was a grand-stand play. A true Charley Bowerism.

Directly under camera is a cardboard shield, with a dull-black underpart to prevent reflections from the metal trimmings of the camera on the pressure glass below.

When we were alone Bowers called me out into the hall. Directly across from our door was a double door. My boss tried one of the doors ...it was unlocked. We walked in. Before us was a large assembly type room full of chairs facing a speaker's platform. There were banners and pictures on the walls indicating that this was a meeting hall for clubs and lodges. Bowers: "I think we can use a few of these chairs. They will never miss them." So we helped ourselves to a half dozen and carried them into the smaller of our two rooms. The lodge hall also had a smaller room the size of our "large" room. Among other things, this room had several small office desks. One of these desks found its way into our studio, with our help. This desk also "would not be missed."

We had hardly completed our extra moving job when there was a knock on our door. We admitted two women. One was elderly, plumpish and not more than five feet tall. The other was tallish, thinnish and spinsterish looking. They were the owners of the building, mother and daughter. They were interested in our animation desks; each with a pane of glass set in a tilted drawing board. The pilfered office desk and chairs they accepted as our own.

During our moving-in process and the visit from our land-ladies, I could see the white haired man and the typist across the airway. They were busy with their work, never looking into our room. They could see us as clearly as we could see them but they paid no attention to us whatsoever. They ignored us throughout the entire time the studio stayed there; even when the staff was increased.

Now Charlie Bowers opened a box containing scenes from a "Mutt and Jeff" cartoon he had been animating by himself, during the previous weeks. Its title was "Mutt and Jeff" in a "Trip to Mars." The animation was all finished except for a few scenes that were in pencil and needed inking. (Animation in those days was all done on paper. The drawings were not transferred on to celluloids as it is done today. Celluloids were used, but in a supplementary way. The animation was done in pencil and inked directly on the paper.) Bowers told me to ink-in those scenes so the picture would be completed for the camera and then delivered to Fox Films. He had promised to make me a full time animator, but this cartoon had to be finished so he could collect his money. Besides, he did not have a new story ready.

The inking kept me busy for the entire week and part of the following week. I could have been done much sooner but for my boss' entertaining conversation. I had a key to the studio and would arrive promptly at 8:30 A.M., an hour or more before my employer. I would get right down to my inking. When Bowers arrived he always was full of interesting talk. Very often it was some amazing experience he had earlier that day or the day before. Or else it was an exciting anecdote, or a funny joke. All these stories he would tell in the most minute detail. Of course I couldn't work while he was talking. I thought his jokes were hilarious, but his own adventures held me spellbound, even though I was anxious to return to my inking. I knew he had been an editorial cartoonist on the Newark Evening News. He dwelt not only on cartooning but also on his newspaper reporting. How he met on personal terms with Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey before Mr. Wilson became President. Also "Teddy" Roosevelt and other political notables. They all called him by his first name, Charley.

Charley had also been an actor and a high-wire walker in a circus. He had also been a cowboy. Also, if I were to believe him all the way, he was a mystic. Charles Bowers, the physical man could lie on a couch, go into a trance and separate his "astral" body from his material body. His astral body would float up from his physical body and he would see himself lying down below in a sleeping attitude. Since his astral self was invisible, he would sometimes spy on his fellow actors (he had this power only during his acting career days) and later tell those actors some personal things about themselves, much to their surprise.

I finally finished my inking. For the first time I was able to follow his animation. He drew exceptionally well, in a loose cartoon style and his animation was smooth and flowing. He set a good example in his work for a young animator to follow. As I said, "The Trip to Mars" was finished. Bowers had been taking the inked-in animation, as I finished each scene down to the Fordham (Bronx) main studio. There the parts that needed tracing were attended to and the photography on movie film was done there. Later that week, when every scene had been delivered, Bowers dashed into our little studio in a great rage. I had heard him running up the stairs. He swung our door open, stood in the doorway holding a

small roll of film at arms length over his head for a moment, then flung it to the floor, shouting "ITS A DIRTY TRICK!". The roll unraveled into a long belt of celluloid. I picked up one end of the film and held it up to the light of my animation board. At first glance it seemed to be the regular title-format used on the Mutt and Jeff animated cartoons. In the upper left corner was a small profile of Mutt and in the opposite corner, Jeff. Each had their name under their picture. The title as a whole should have read: William Fox presents, Mutt and Jeff by Bud Fisher, in "A TRIP TO MARS". That's what it appeared to be. The single frame of film was only about an inch wide. Then Bowers ordered me to look closer. I did. Now I could see that Bowers face had replaced Mutt's picture and my picture had been put in Jeff's place, of course both were caricatures of us. The title really read: William Fox presents CHUCK (for Charles) and Izzie (Isidore) by Bud Fisher, in "A GYP to Mars." I couldn't keep myself from laughing. But Bowers was mad as hell. This was the first sign that Dick Friel showed his resentment of our Mt. Vernon operation.

I had told no one that I had started to work for Bowers. I had seen none of the fellows since leaving the Fordham studio, but I had received a phone call while Bowers was out, asking for the boss. I said Mr. Bowers was out and gave my name. The voice on the phone said: "Yeh, so it is," and hung up.

Several days after the "Gyp To Mars" title trick on my boss, while I was alone in the studio, the door opened slowly and Bowers' head appeared in the doorway. He had a worried look on his face. "Anybody here with you?" He asked. When I said "No", he came in carrying a large box made of cardboard. Then taking our door key from his pocket, he held it over his head, at the same time opening the door to look up and down the outside hall... to see if he had been followed. Being assured that he was not, he shut the door and locked it. Now he turned to me, saying: "Dick Friel is going to break our arms." Now Mr. Bowers put the cardboard box down on a chair, looked up at me, "Dick Friel doesn't believe you went to work for a trade magazine. He thinks you went to work for me directly, and you have double-crossed him. He is mad at me for making a come-back with the William Fox people ...anyway, he has threatened to bust our arms if he catches either of us on the street alone." While Bowers was talking he untied the string around the box and took off the lid. Inside was a set of boxing gloves. "Nobody is going to bust our arms. We are going to sharpen up on our art of self defense." Then without further ado we pushed desks and chairs against the walls, put on the gloves and started sparring with each other. The white haired man in the office across the airway and his typist continued their work without looking in our direction. (Boxing gloves were familiar to me. My older brother David had bought a second-hand set when I was a kid and we would play at boxing. Dave is seven years older than myself. My kid friends would also play at this boxing game among ourselves with our old gloves. This did not make me a pugilist by any means. But Bowers' skill at boxing was no more than mine despite his tall tales of athletic prowess. So, each morning for about a week, as soon as my boss arrived, the room was cleared for action and we hopped around tapping each other. During that week Mrs. Bowers came to the studio with a tall young man. Bowers insisted that we each spar around for a few minutes with this fellow. We did, without damage to anyone.

The climax to all this warming up for a show-down was nothing at all. Bowers asked me to go down to the Fordham studio. He wanted me to pick something up for him. I went down by train from Mt. Vernon to the railroad station in Fordham. By chance I met Dick Friel on the street. He greeted me with a big smile and a handshake. I don't know and never did find out if the arm breaking threat came from anywhere but Charley Bowers *fertile imagination.*

After finishing inking "A Trip to Mars" I found myself idle. Bowers hadn't written a new story, he was busy outside making arrangements for an expanded set-up. I decided to try writing a cartoon scenario myself. As I had mentioned several pages back, the Prohibition Era, that is the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of hard liquors, wine and beer, was now the Law of the Land. "Prohibition" was only about two months old but already the newspapers had stories about people making their own concoctions called "Home Brew". Very often the home-made liquor had dire effects on the drinkers. The recipes for home brew, according to reports, included raisins and yeast. I was inspired with an idea. I named the scenario, "Three Raisins and a Cake of Yeast." The plot was that Jeff made a home brew concoction based on a raisin and yeast recipe. Mutt took over the finished product, gulping down a glass full. Result: Mutt had violent reactions, multiple vision and comic hallucinations. That was the gimmick of the story.

After I had written the scenario in full detail and Bowers was still busy with his outside activities, I asked him if I could go ahead and animate on it. Of course I expected him to ask questions and read the story. Instead, he just waved his hand and told me to go right ahead. I did. My boss still spent more time on the outside than in. After I had the animation well under way, one morning he picked up my animated scenes and flipped them throught his fingers. He said: "Good, now tell me what the hell it is all about." I gave him my scenario to read. He chuckled over it and told me to go full steam ahead. Later that week he sat down at his own animation board and animated the last few scenes himself. I inked all of my work and his. The picture was finished and Bowers took all of the picture down to the Fordham studio to be finished and photographed. Several *weeks later, I was sitting in a Newark movie* house with some friends, when there flashed on the screen "Three Raisins and a Cake of Yeast." "William Fox Presents" and credits to Bud Fisher and Charles Bowers. I turned to my friends ... "That's my story and my animation ... most of it, my animation." My friends said "Oh yeh, where's your name". I started to explain about who gets screen credit, but there were shooshes from people sitting around us. Nevertheless it was a great thrill to see my work on the movie screen and hearing many laughs from the audience.

Just about the time "Three Raisins" was finished, Bowers announced to me that now his studio was really organized and, several animators besides myself will be on his expanded staff. Two are to start on Monday and several others will follow shortly. They were Carl Meyer, known as "Mike" Meyer, F.M. Follett and Ted Sears. Ted was not an animator, he lettered the balloon titles (remember, these were "silent" pictures.) Bowers wrote the stories (most of them). In this small studio room, we looked like a big operation.

Bowers' story plots were based on a simple gimmick with Jeff, the little fellow being the butt of Mutt's schemes. Mutt insuring Jeff against injury for a large sum of money. Then a series of sneaky Mutt plots to severely injure Jeff. Or getting Jeff to box a champion (Stand up and fight the champion for three minutes and win $1,000.) Mutt's schemes always

Camera lights set in reflectors on each side of camera, set back far enough not to be reflected in the pressure glass.
The compound set on the table under the camera is set up for stationary and pan-move pegs, with a pressure glass set in a frame with handle for holding the art work (animation) while shooting.
There's an arrangement for bottom lighting when needed, and an opening cut in the table with opal glass over it. Also included is a guide for zooming-in on various parts of the shooting field. This isn't seen in any of the photos but is attached on the right side of the table.

backfired on himself. The same ideas were often, in later films, both animated and live comedy, used again and again by other film makers.

Bowers continued telling his adventures to his expanded audience. However, he reserved his autobiographic experience when we all ate out together, which was quite often. At the studio we all concentrated at turning out animation "footage".

Bowers did not know that behind his back his crew did not take his adventures seriously. In fact Mike Meyer would really embellish them to a high degree. Mike's version of "Chuck's" (as he always called Bowers behind his back) circus high wire walking act, was that Chuck did his act high over the streets, while the crowd looked skyward, Chuck's "old man" moved through the crowd pick-pocketing the pockets of the spectators. Mike served in the U.S. Navy in World War One. He had done some animation before going into the service. Some years later and for a short period he did sports cartoons for "The Brooklyn Eagle." He was about twenty-six or twenty seven years old at this time which I am telling about. In later years he became a story man for animation for several studios, particularly for Famous (Paramount) animated cartoon studio. He did many of the "Popeye" animation stories.

Ted Sears must have been about sixteen or seventeen at this time. In around 1930 Ted joined the Walt Disney studio where he did important story work. Aside from working on stories for Disney "shorts", he did story adaptation for "Snow White", Pinocchio, Cinderella, Alice in Wonderland, Peter Pan, Sleeping Beauty. Also story work on "Saludos Amigos, "The Three Caballeros", "Fun and Fancy Free", "Melody Time" and "The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad". Ted was bright with a sharp wit.

The third man, F.M. Follett, was much older than Mike, Ted or myself and older than our boss. He was white haired and red faced. He had caused a very slight ripple in the comic strip field around 1900 with a short-lived strip called "The See-See Kid." He had a unique way of animating. In the course of animating a scene, all animators called for trace-backs of parts of bodies that remained stationary through a sequence of several drawings. (All the animated drawings were numbered in their progression.) The animator would write the number called for tracing. Like a shoe from drawing 8, or a hand from drawing 19. A tracer would follow through, making a careful tracing. When an animator flipped a finished animated scene through his fingers he would see the flow of action, and until the tracings were made, he'd see the trace-back numbers popping up at intervals inside the action. However, with Follett, he had contrived a very complicated system of calling for trace-backs, so that the animated drawings had more numbers on them than pictures. He'd call for trace-backs of noses, ears, buttons, fingers, so that in flipping one of Follett's scenes you'd see mostly numbers jumping around erratically and very little flow of action. Nevertheless, when all the tracings were made and the scene shot on film, the Follett animation was rather good.

Two more older cartoonists joined our staff several months later, when summer had arrived. We were all busy at our animation boards on a particularly warm day when we were roused by several hard knocks on our door, which was open. We all looked up. The rapping was done with the head of a cane. We all hollered in unison, "Come in". In came an elegant gentleman in a white suit, straw hat and the cane which he had used for rapping on the door. He was tall, trim and good-looking. White-haired. The white hair came out ducktail from behind his straw hat. He looked like an old time Shakespearean actor. The man stepped into the middle of the room, took off his hat with one hand, with the other he swung his cane to the floor, leaned on it. It was all a theatrical posture. "I wish to see Mr. Bowers", he announced. "My name is Leighton Budd." We told Mr. Leighton Budd to take a seat, Mr. Bowers would be around soon. Bowers did arrive soon after. It turned out that he had already engaged this man as another animator, in fact Mr. Budd sat right down and was assigned some scenes to animate. Leighton Budd had been a magazine cartoonist on "Puck" magazine, defunct even at this time, though the title is still owned to the present day by the Hearst Publications. He was a fair animator. He was also a fine-arts artist but that side of his talents was not called upon by Mr. Bowers.

Our staff was completed shortly after Budd's arrival, with another magazine cartoonist Louis Glackens, also a gentleman type of the old school. I found out later that he was born in Philadelphia in 1866, was a cartoonist for "Puck" for 20 years and did illustrations for important magazines. He was among the very early animators. I might add that he was the brother of the celebrated artist William Glackens. Louis Glackens and President Taft were the only non-circumnavigators of the world who were members of The Circumnavigators Club.

Mr. Bowers had a prankish streak which would come out once in a while. During this particular summer, on a particularly hot afternoon, when we were slowed down by the heat, even though the large window was open and the hall door was open and a fan was whirling, Mr. Bowers called a recess. He pointed to the room across the airway. By this time we knew it to be the office of some official in the Mt. Vernon City Hall. As I had mentioned previously, that was a side-wall of that building. Bowers, in a whisper: "That white haired so'n so and his secretary get my goat. They have never looked our way even once. They act like they are facing a blank wall. They must have noticed that we were doing something interesting ... each of us working at an unusual drawing board with a lighted window. "I'll fix them!" He beckoned us to follow him into the smaller of our two studio rooms. Then gave us instructions.

We were all out of sight from our City Hall neighbors even though the door between our two rooms was open. On the floor of this room lay many books including twenty volumes of an old encyclopedia. We each picked up some volumes of the encyclopedia while Bowers pulled our one big electric fan into the outside hall, close to the open door, but also out of sight of our neighbors. (This was long before the invention of air conditioning. All windows and doors were wide open for air circulation.) As I said above, Mr. Bowers gave us instructions and a cue word. As the electric fan whirled, our boss thrust the pages of a telephone book against the spinning blades of the fan. The resulting sound was of a loud buzz saw cutting lumber. Bowers then shouted in his loudest on-stage voice: "TIMBER!" That was our cue, we all slammed our books flat against the floor. CRASH! This entire farce of buzz sawing, "TIMBER" and slam-downing was repeated several times, each time louder and more deafening than before. Then Bowers calmly walked back into the studio and we all followed. Our white haired City Hall official and his secretary were leaning out of their window staring into our room. We all pretended that they were invisible, but Bowers with his back turned to them went into hysterics of laughter. We all joined him in a much milder way. Then the boss wiped laugh-tears from his eyes, said: "It's too damn hot to work any more. Let's call it a day." BIG DEAL, as we would say nowadays, it was only about a half hour before our regular quitting time.

I think this prank was enjoyed only by the young guys of the staff, Ted Sears, Mike Meyers and myself. The other three "old guys" Leighton Budd, F.M. Follett and Louis Glackens went along with the gag, but grumbled and swore as they picked up the heavy books and dropped them to the floor.

Leighton Budd was a very dignified gentleman. He had a studio apartment on the top floor of a famous restaurant which was then located on Broadway in the East thirties. Leighton lived in that apartment rent-free in payment for the mural paintings he had rendered for this restaurant. Leighton Budd told me this himself. The subject of this restaurant came up one time. Bowers, one day became talkative during work hours. (Since he had enlarged his staff he saved his conversation for table talk during restaurant eating time.) This is what he suddenly said: "There are several restaurants in mid-town that are hang-outs for queers, for fairies. The most notorious is Blank-Blank, naming Budd's patron's place. (I don't know if Bowers named the place out of ignorance of Leighton Budd's association with the place, or purposely. But my guess is that he did it out of another of his prankish impulses.) Well, as soon as Charley Bowers made that statement, Budd jumped out of his chair, waved his arms, shouting: "I beg your pardon sir, but that is entirely untrue! Mr. So-and So is a dear friend of mine and he would not permit such things to take place in his establishment." Bowers: "I hope you're right, but I'm informed that the hottest fairy orgies are regular goings on there, but I apologize anyway." That was the end of that flurry. Leighton seemed pacified. Not long after this, perhaps a week or so later, the boss was out and we were all very quietly working away at our animation when Leighton Budd stood up from his chair, said: "I feel all cramped up and musclebound. I'll just limber up." He did. This dignified gentleman put his arms behind his neck and slowly began to revolve his stomach, then intensifying into twisting and sinuous movements ... a real belly dance. No one said a word. The motions subsided and Mr. Budd sat down and back to his work, the rest of us did likewise.

I mentioned earlier that Louis Glackens was a non-circumnavigator member of The Circumnavigators Club in New York City. Glackens lived in a boarding house in Mt. Vernon while he worked at the studio. One noontime he returned from lunch dressed in a tuxedo suit, stiff, starched shirt and winged collar and black tie. Diagonally across his chest was stretched a broad diplomatic-type of sash. Glackens quickly explained. The Circumnavigator's Club's periodic dinner and meeting was taking place that evening and he had to catch the train directly after he left the studio. He was quite a sight sitting in that outfit of his, working on a Mutt and Jeff animated cartoon. I failed to mention that Glackens was of middle height, plumpish and grey-haired. He left the studio a few minutes before the rest of us, stopped at the door, made a mock bow, saying: "I trust all you plebians will arrive safe and sober at your labors tomorrow at the crack of dawn." ●

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE)

Otto Soglow

by BOB DUNN

These are the memories that came back to me when I got word on Thursday, April 3, that Otto Soglow had passed away.

Otto burst upon the cartoon scene in the late 1920's. He was phenomenal, making his big hit in the New Yorker, which was the classiest humor magazine (sez I) of all time. Everything Soglow did was outstanding. His style was unique and refreshingly clean and simple. His gags were all belly-laughs which snuck up on you because of the sophistication his drawing technique implied.

I remember when J. V. Connolly, head man of King Features, came into the comic art department all smiles and doing a little dance of joy as he announced, "We just signed Soglow! We've got the Little King!" That was about the year 1934.

Otto's Little King was born in The New Yorker and he still continued to work for that magazine while he drew his Sunday page for King Features. Up to a few years ago, Otto illustrated "The Talk of the Town" section of the New Yorker. He was one of the stars of the great staff developed by the legendary editor Harold Ross.

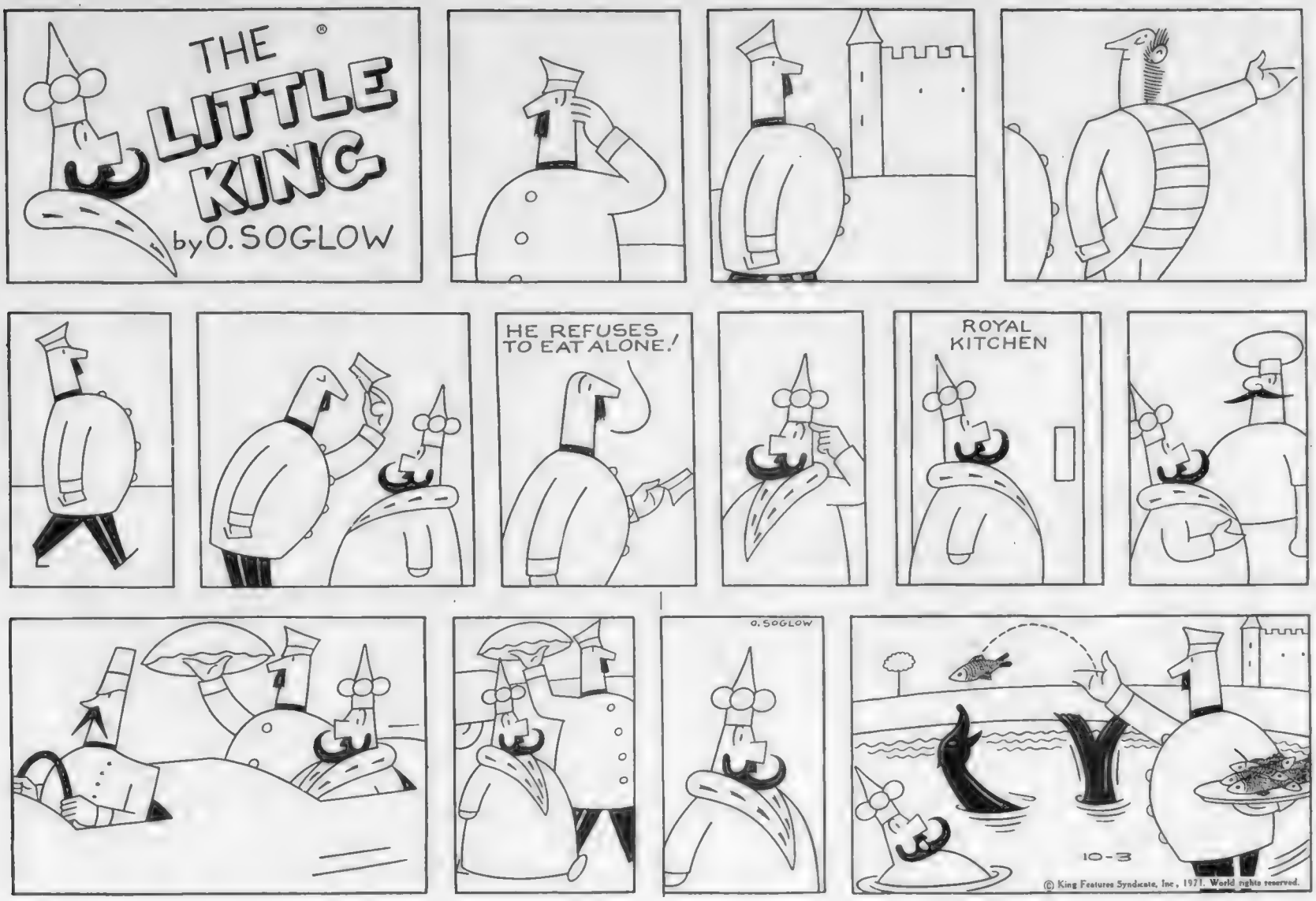
The first time I met Otis (as I called Otto) was the first time he brought a page into K.F.S. I followed him out of the art department and asked him if I could submit gags to him for sale. He was very nice but said he did his own gags and had never found a gag man who could come up with ideas to suit him. I asked him to let me try. He said okay, but warned me there was very little chance of his buying any. I thanked him and began to try and think Soglow-wise. I typed up three Little King Sunday Page gags and three Sentinel Louis ideas (Louie was the top-piece) and mailed them off.

Wow! Next day Soglow called and told me he was buying four of the six gags. We discussed price and we settled on what was for me very good dough. I kept sending Otto gags for six or seven years and he kept buying. He used some skits I had furnished for the Society of Illustrators shows and was one of my sponsors when I joined the society.

Otto was the star performer of the Illustrators' shows (besides the beautiful models, that is). Critics compared him to Chaplin. I always thought he had more of the quality of Buster Keaton. I remember a blackout from the 1936 show at the 44th Street theatre, a big Broadway house. The scene was the boardroom of a giant industrial corporation. The tycoons are sitting around the long table conducting their million-dollar business. A pretty secretary is taking shorthand notes of the goings-on. A janitor (Soglow) is emptying ashtrays, wastebaskets and sweeping the floor as the meeting goes on.

The chairman asks, "How much was the overall operational cost for the fiscal year just ending?' After a shuffling of papers and whispering among some of the board members, the comptroller announces, "About five and a half million dollars. Otto, the janitor, coughs, gets attention and announces, "Six million, three hundred fifty seven thousand, two hundred nineteen dollars, and forty-six cents." The comptrollers compare notes, shuffle papers, do some figuring and agree, "That's right."

The chairman then asks for gross sales. The sales chief clears his throat and says, "All the records are not complete but in round figures, nine million dollars." Otto holds up his hand



and tells them: "Gross income from sales, eight million, one hundred twenty-three thousand, six hundred nineteen dollars and sixty-one cents."

The accountants and comptrollers, comparing notes, adding figures, shake their heads in agreement with Otto. The chairman then turns to Otto and the other big shots do too. "What are the projected profits for the next fiscal year?" Otto has the answer: "Four million, seven hundred ninety-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-four dollars."

The chairman and board members all bow to Soglow and file out. All except the pretty secretary. She puts down her pad, gets up on the table, lays on her back and pulls up her skirt. Otto goes over, climbs on the table and then climbs on top of the beautiful... *Blackout!*

When Otto came to King Features, Dynamite Dick Hyman was public relations man for the syndicate. To launch the Little King Feature, Hyman arranged parades and ceremonies in all the big cities. An elaborate Little King costume was made for Soglow to wear . . . red velvet cloak trimmed with real ermine topped by a big paper mache head with gold crown. Soglow, wearing the costume, and dynamite Dick handling the details, traveled by train from city to city. Otis never took the royal garb off. It was a six-weeks backbreaking tour during which Otto's cartoon schedule suffered. It was at the end of the tour that the brains of King Features realized they could have a stand-in for Otto wearing the costume, nobody knowing or caring who was inside.

Otto and Dick Hyman had a great association which lasted 43 years. Dick came up with a magazine feature, "It's the law." He has Soglow illustrate the wacky laws which, while not enforced, were still on the books, such as "It's against the law to shoot a rabbit from the back of a trolley-car in Indianapolis." The feature was sold to American Magazine. When that magazine folded, the feature ran in Ladies Home Journal and then in Colliers. Subsequently, Otis and Dick collaborated for Reader's Digest.

I recall going on a stage show in Pelham, N.Y. with Otis under the guidance of Dick Hyman. This was about 1940. After we had done our chalk talk, we were at the railroad station waiting for the train to Grand Central. The talk got around to the uncertainties of the cartoon business and Otto voiced his hopes and fears. "If I can keep working five more years," he said, "I'll have it made." I've often thought of that through the years as he kept going, retaining his popularity and continuing on top of the world for 30 *more* years than he had hoped for.

A funny night I remember was a mee ting of N.C.S. at the Illustrators. Dunninger, the mind-reader, was our guest of honor. That afternoon I had stopped in to Joe Willicombe's office and Otto was there talking about a weekend he had at the Hotel Dennis in Atlantic City. He had a hotel key in his hand. He was telling Joe he had forgotten to leave his key when he checked out. As he fingered the key, I got a glance at the room number thereon—518. Joe advised him to just drop it in a mailbox which Otto said he would do.

That night Otto was at the cartoonists' meeting and just as I was entering the building my old friend Dunninger got out of his car. I greeted "the master mind of modern mystery," as was his billing, and told him that if he had any trouble penetrating the skulls of the comic artists it might give him an edge to know that Soglow had been in Room 518, Hotel Dennis, Atlantic City. After dinner Dunninger got up to perform. He went through his routine—a few telepathic card tricks, reading off the serial numbers of dollar bills as he went through the audience. He had worked his way toward Soglow. Turning to silent Otto, Dunninger gave him a piercing look, the Svengali stare. Placing his forefinger at Otto's forehead, Dunninger announced: "I perceive that this gentleman is challenging me. Is that not correct, sir? Otto's open countenance took on a look of surprise. Before he could answer, Dunninger said, "You're asking in your mi-und (that's the way the showman pronounced "mind") if I could *guess* where you were last evening. First allow me to say I never *guess*. I read thoughts. I only claim to be 90

percent correct. I make mistakes. But *guessing* is anathema to extra-sensory perception. My answer to you, sir, is: Yes, I could tell you where you were last night if *you* could remember."

This bit of by-play got a big laugh as Dunninger left Otto's side. The audience and Otto thought it was just a gag-way of getting out of a trick he could not perform.

Dunninger smiled until the laughs died down and then retraced his steps to Otto.

The mind-reader became very serious. Again making contact with Otto's cranium, he said: "Please, sir, concentrate! Make a mental picture of your surrounding last evening. Focus your inner eye on what you're endeavoring to transmit."

Dunninger waited as Otto's face became grave, as his mind wrestled with the deep thought process.

"It's coming thru," intoned the mastermind. "I see water. I get an impression of sand and salt water . . . the seashore . . . a big hotel . . . fairly old . . . the Dennitt . . . no, the Hotel Dennis. A room, quite large . . . a big closet . . . a white tiled bathroom . . . rust stains around the water fixtures . . . "

Otto's mouth was agape in wonderment as Dunninger went on:

"The room number . . . Try and picture it in your mind . . . you're not too sure of it, but maybe I can jog your memory. Eight . . . I see an eight. Sir, eight is the last number, is it not? You seem to be reading from right to left. The room number was . . . **518**.

Otto clapped his hand on his brow, at the same time nodding yes and looking more bewildered than before. But Dunninger was through.

"Shall I go on about the attractive girl in 723? Dunninger was ad-libbing for a laugh.

"I just saw her in the elevator," Otto blurted out. Wow! To the end of his days Otto was a convert to telepathy. And now Otto and Dunninger are both gone.

Otto's last acting triumph was at the N.C.S. sports dinner of 1972. Joe Garagiolo was co-emcee of the stage show.

Joe opened up the show reading his script. "Gentlemen, as this is the year of the Olympics, it is a distinct pleasure and honor to introduce the chairman of the Olympic Committee, Mr. Avery Brundage."

Joe, who hadn't been to rehearsal, expected that the real Avery Brundage would come out after the introduction. But the man who went to the podium was Cartoonist Jerry Robinson, playing the part of Brundage.

Jerry made a short serious speech and announced: "The bearer of the Olympic torch who has travelled all the way from Athens, Greece will officially open our gala festivities." Jerry looked around, but no torch bearer. Jerry looked at his watch and repeated his cue, but still no torch-toter.

Jerry then stalled for time: "I'm sure he'll be here any minute. I know he was sighted in the Bronx on the way here.

Just then at the far end of the huge Commodore Ballroom, in white underwear, holding aloft a prop torch made of Bristol board and almost as big as himself, lopes Otto, weaving his way thru the tables on his way to the stage. I remember Garagiolo guffawing at the sight of Otto, the Greek hero.

When he finally got to the stage, panting, Jerry, as Brundage, asked angrily: "Where the hell have you been?

Otto panted twice and timed his line better than Jack Benny.

"I've been lighting the Shabbis candles!"

Blackout!

So Goodbye, Otto, one of the truly great.

I'll always smile when I think of Otto, the Little Giant. ●

B.C. BY JOHNNY HART

JOHNNY HART

There are so many projects involved in JOHNNY HART's cartoon life that covering them all would require a book. So we've concentrated here on a conversation we had with him during which he shed a lot of very interesting light on his methods of thinking, his attitude toward life, etc.

John's studio is in his home town of Endicott, N.Y. where he writes and draws the 'B.C.' comic strip, and produces the gags for the 'Wizard of Id', both of which features are distributed by the FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE. Hart has full-time help from JACK CAPRIO, who works with John on gag ideas in the ways mentioned in this story, and who keeps the various projects on which Hart is working at any given time in order. At the time we talked with them, they had 19 contracts on the fire, aside from these two strips which are high-up on popularity polls in the U.S. and around the world. 'Wizard of Id', as our readers know from our story in Issue No. 9 of CARTOONIST PROfiles, is drawn by the well-known BRANT PARKER, who sometimes chips in on Wizard ideas too. Caprio, a boyhood friend of Hart's was an engineer for IBM for 13 years before he came with Hart fulltime. Brant Parker who was a staff artist on the Binghampton, N.Y. Press in 1947, happened to be judging a high school art contest, and was impressed by the straight-illustration drawing of Johnny Hart. They later met and for several years after that, the two did magazine gags. Much later, as we mentioned in Issue No. 9, Brant was asked to draw the Wizard.

Another Hart friend, DICK BOLAND, who's with IBM, spends about one evening a week writing gags for 'Wizard of Id'. As Caprio has pointed out, Hart is the guy who puts the genius touch on all of the comic strip output.

Those extra Hart projects that we won't cover here involved, at the time we talked with him, doing the 'B.C.' characters for service-station giveaway items (glasses, place mats, decals, key chains) for the Marathon Oil Company, cover drawings for Fawcett Publications' paperbacks of B.C. and Wizard, a B.C. game for Parker Bros., TV animation, major efforts in the field of ecology for the Earth Awareness Foundation, and so on ad infinitum.

'B.C.' and 'Wizard of Id' strips furnished through the courtesy of FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE.

HURD: Some cartoonists who comment on the social scene try to read everything in sight — newspapers, magazines, books, etc., in order to fill up their idea reservoir. You don't operate that way, do you?

HART: I'm the complete opposite I guess — I don't even read the newspapers every day. Maybe once or twice every couple of weeks I'll go through the whole paper but they depress me. When I *do* make a comment in my strips, the inspiration has come from talking with people about what's going on around us, or about things that interest me. And the comment in my case is reduced to its simplest form which is characteristic of everything I do anyway. I think the comment is better when it's thus reduced to its simplest form and you show the idiocy of it — most things are idiotic anyway.

HURD: Mell Lazarus has said that idea production is a painful process. Do you find it so?

HART: Well, he's pretty intellectual — in fact most of the cartoonists are quite a lot more intellectual than I am and much more wordy. I'm hung up with observing human nature in its simplest form, and I guess when I look at anything that happens, I take it down to the basic form and I wonder what primitive instinct motivated this event in the first place — what caused someone to do or say a given thing. I guess I came by this through inadequacy. I never was terribly bright or a great student and never had the opportunity to go in for advanced schooling.

I think a lot and I was saying to my wife recently, "If it's possible for a person to think too much, I guess that's what's wrong with me because I get in some horrible moods a great deal of the time about everything. I get physically and mentally tired from thinking — which causes depression. I wonder about everything — my mind wanders all the time and I can never fix on any one thing."

HURD: Tell us more.

HART: This thinking amounts to something like daydreaming. A lot of times I hate to sit down and draw — I don't know whether it's laziness or what — but I rather enjoy thinking. I'll spend 2 or 3 hours just thinking about nothing or everything — rather than doing my work. I look out the window and maybe I'll see a truck go by with a funny name on it. Automatically I wonder what it's like to be in that business or who the guy was who painted the name on the truck, or who thought of the name.

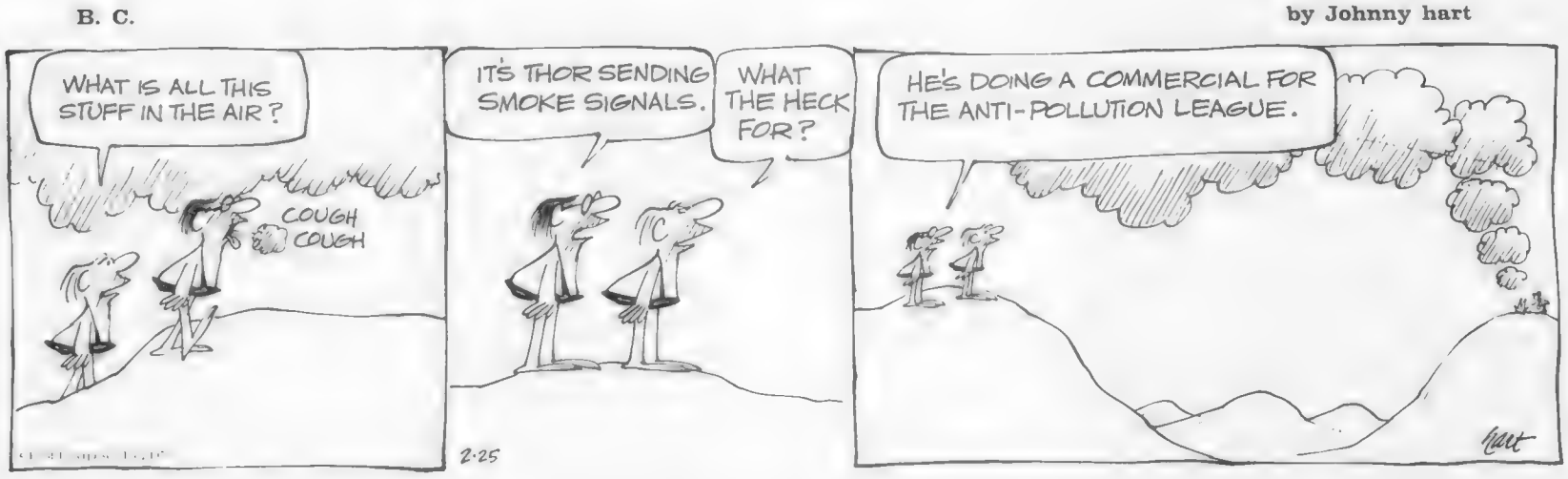
HURD: How did you get into this habit?

HART: Originally I started it as an aid to producing ideas. I decided the wrong way to go about thinking of ideas is to lock yourself into just one theme until you come up with something on it. If nothing is working for you on one theme, go to something else or let it snowball in some different direction. You can start with a golf idea and wind up with a dock strike through the thought process of just letting your mind wander aimlessly until something strikes you. Usually when something does strike you, it rings a bell and you have a good feeling about it. Then you stay with it a few minutes and something happens. A lot of times an idea is too good to let go. When Jack Caprio and I are having little gag sessions and come up with an idea that's just barely adequate, we'll fool around with it, keep going with it, attack it from different viewpoints and in practically every case we come up with a much better idea. Our ultimate goal is to make the gag as funny as possible. The most beautiful result you can achieve is to have an idea that's hilariously funny and which also says something, or which will make somebody think.

Because I started this daydreaming thing years ago, my mind, as I said, wanders all over. I'll be talking with somebody and not listening to him because he may happen to have a funny mustache or something like that. I'll be watching him talk and thinking about what kind of wax he uses on his mustache, or how long it took him to grow the thing, and then suddenly I'll realize he's talking to me. Then I have to backtrack and figure out what he's said. Some of his remarks are still echoing through my mind and generally I can figure out what he was talking about.

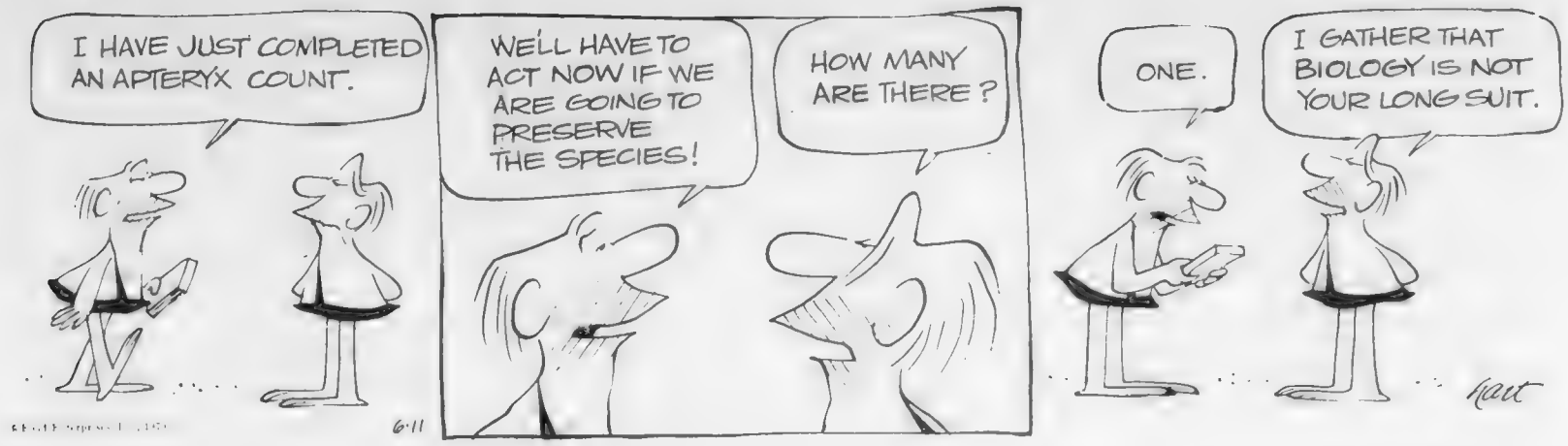
HURD: You've put the words 'simplicity' and 'cartoony' up on the wall. Would you say something about them?

HART: I guess 'simplicity' is self-evident but 'cartoony' was to remind us to exaggerate. If we draw a house we want to draw it to look like a cartoon house — not as a regular draftsman would do it. A tree would be funny with puffy leaves — a dog would always look *un*like a dog but you'd recognize it as such with its big feet and floppy ears and a nose about the size of a softball — sort of in the John Gallagher or Dick Cavalli style of doing things. And I also related these words to the idea
trying to make the ideas as cartoony and as simple as the drawing style.



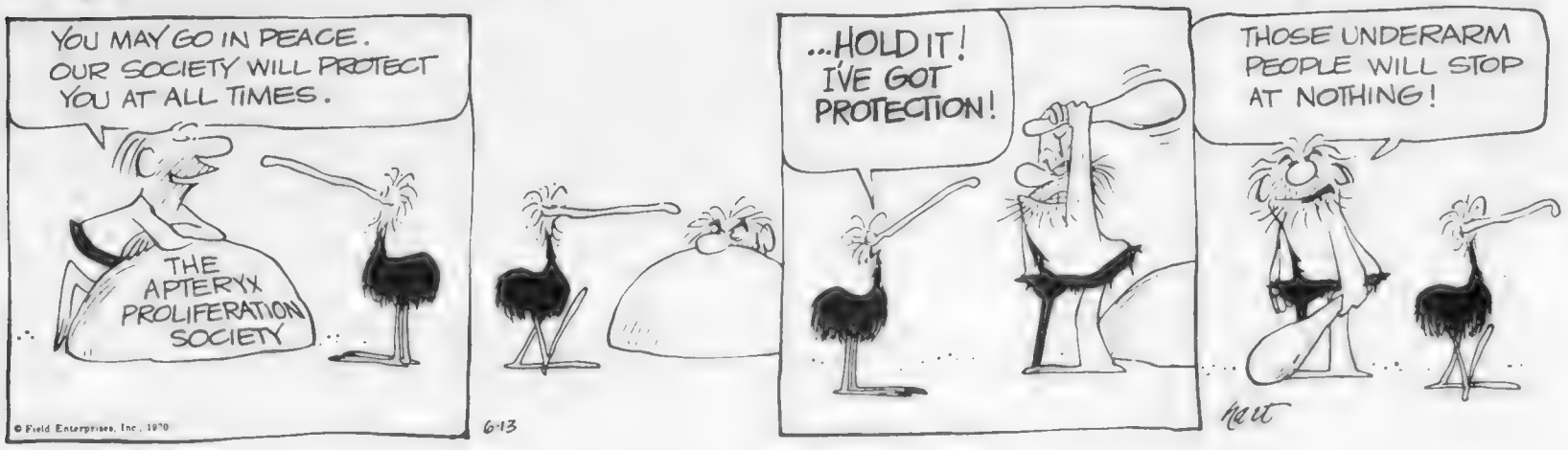
B. C.

by Johnny hart


I HAVE JUST COMPLETED AN APTERYX COUNT.
WE'LL HAVE TO ACT NOW IF WE ARE GOING TO PRESERVE THE SPECIES!
HOW MANY ARE THERE?
ONE.
I GATHER THAT BIOLOGY IS NOT YOUR LONG SUIT.
6-11
hart

B. C.

by Johnny hart


YOU MAY GO IN PEACE. OUR SOCIETY WILL PROTECT YOU AT ALL TIMES.
THE APTERYX PROLIFERATION SOCIETY
© Field Enterprises, Inc., 1970
6-13
...HOLD IT! I'VE GOT PROTECTION!
THOSE UNDERARM PEOPLE WILL STOP AT NOTHING!
hart

B. C.

by Johnny hart

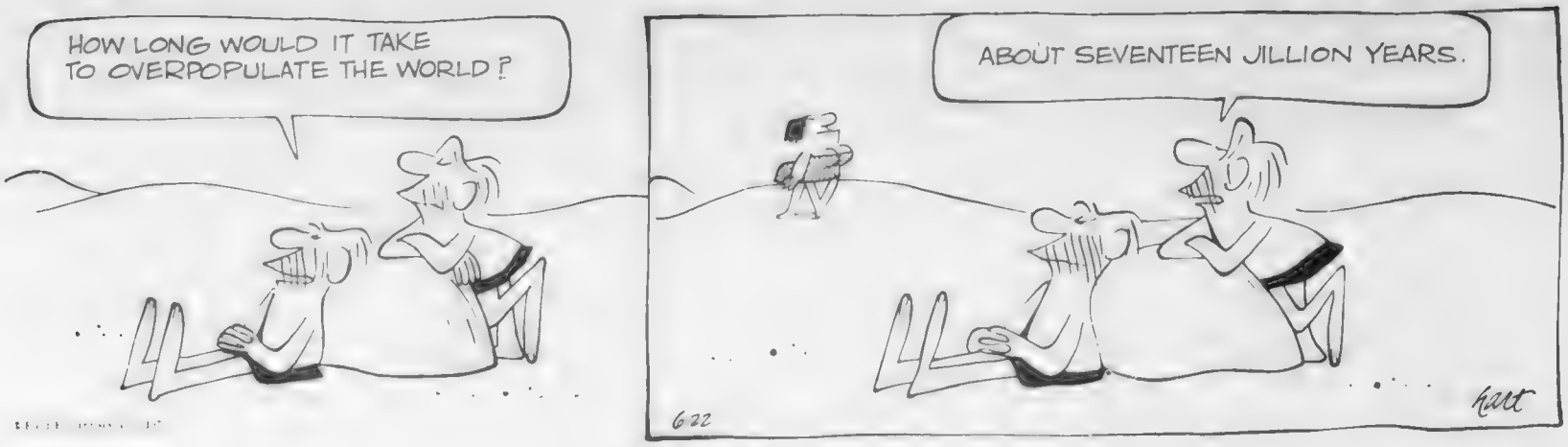
THE BEST WAY TO HELP THESE POOR BIRDS, IS TO PROVIDE THEM WITH SUSTENANCE.
THE APTERYX PROLIFERATION SOCIETY
© Field Enterprises, Inc., 1970
6-12
HI THERE!,.... I HAVE FOOD AND DRINK FOR YOU!
BEAUTIFUL!
THE APTERYX PROLIFERATION SOCIETY
... WHERE ARE THE BROADS?
THE APTERYX PROLIFERATION SOCIETY
hart

B. C.

by Johnny hart

WELL, WELL,...IF IT ISN'T OLD 'SUPERSWEEP!" THE CLEANLINESS KID!
PETER'S POLLUTION CONTROL
3-13
SO YOU'VE MANAGED TO CLEAN UP THE STREAMS, AND CLEAR UP THE AIR, AND SET ASIDE A GAME RESERVE,...
YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY 'HOT STUFF,' DON'T YOU!
NOT REALLY,...
PETER'S POLLUTION CONTROL
...THERE'S STILL "EAR POLLUTION."
PETER'S POLLUTION CONTROL
hart

B. C. by Johnny hart



HURD: Speaking of 'cartoony', you didn't get into cartooning in high school, did you?

No. I did like the absurdity of the things that Henderson and Partch did, and was interested in cartooning, but I studied straight drawing during my high school major in art — design, how to use pencil, charcoal, a little bit of oil painting, etc. Incidentally, I sometimes think that junior and senior high schools are teaching art so well nowadays that a student doesn't always need to take further college or art school training. Every once in a while, when I happen to see an exhibit of work by kids in these grades, I find the stuff so professional — the kind of thing I used to see in magazines when I was coming along. By the way, I think that if a student tries his hand at all the various kinds of art, he may find that there's something he likes better than strip drawing. In other words he shouldn't set his mind on one particular branch of art until he's sampled a number of them in school.

HURD: Although you said earlier that you aren't a great newspaper reader, I know you have spent a lot of time with books and dictionaries.

HART: Yes — since I didn't have too much formal education, when I'd read and didn't understand a word, I'd look it up in the dictionary — I always kept one on my lap underneath whatever I was reading. Here's a funny thing — one day I picked up a book of mine on English usage and punctuation and discovered the semicolon. For the next two weeks after that my strip was littered with semicolons — so much so that I got a call from Harry Welker of the N.Y. Herald Tribune Syndicate. "John?" he said. "Harry Welker." — "Hey, Harry, how the hell are ya?" — Then he comes back with "You wanta knock it off with those f- semicolons!" I knew I'd been doing it but I couldn't stop.

HURD: After a number of years of doing 'BC', do you ever find yourself getting bored?

HART: I suppose the drawing end gets tiresome because you've drawn the characters over and over again. But when we come up with a gag where there are lots of wild things happening, or where the characters have strange little facial expressions, etc., I still get as excited as I did the first day I drew them. When we're doing a lot of dialogue stuff, we still try to put extra expression into what the characters are doing. We do use a lot of facial expressions and comic positions of bodies, etc., which are rather subtle — they aren't just stock things in which the face is always the same as if it was stamped out. The creative part is the most exciting when Jack and I sit down and have a little gag session. The other afternoon in an hour we did 2½ weeks of ideas.

HURD: Would you tell us about those sessions?

HART: Well — Jack may be upstairs keeping all our projects straight and decide to come down for a Coke. Then maybe I'll say, "Let's do some ideas." He says, "O.K." and we grab a couple of pads. It takes a few minutes to get into it while we talk about premises and general ideas. We like to work on a theme — the other day it was the publishing business. I told Jack that the other night I was thinking about how everybody in the world is writing a book. This led us to wonder how we could get into this. Readers of 'BC' know how we use a rock for a masthead for any of our themes — "Peter's Drug Store", "Peter's Ad Agency", and in this case we decided to go with "Peter's Publishing Company". Throughout a couple of weeks of ideas we did, we had people walking up and giving the character manuscripts.

CAPRIO: We both write down every conceivable notion or phrase that you'd use in the publishing business — Royalties, galleys, etc. Then we go through these lists and may find funny words such as 'rejections' or 'advances' which have a double meaning. Maybe there's a pun somewhere there that we can parlay into a gag.

HART: We have other little devices we use — for instance we 'straight-line' each other. We grab a piece of paper and Jack may write some random sentence like "I never noticed what a funny looking nose you have" for panel 1. Maybe I'll come up with a line for panel 2 — "What do you mean — I've got a funny nose? I've always noticed that your *feet* are very funny looking." Eventually we may come up with a tagline.

CAPRIO: Sometimes after you've given the straight line in the second panel, the gag develops very quickly in your mind — it develops a pattern.

HART: Occasionally we follow this gimmick on the actual daily strip — putting a first balloon in and then trying to follow it up. It's a challenging and fun way to approach idea production because it makes a game of it.

CAPRIO: Later we may have all the dialogue penciled-in ready to ink and John may look at it at the last minute and see something we've missed before. The morning after you may see a funnier way you could have done the idea.

HART: When you're not locked into things, you can come back then and look at a gag as a reader would look at it, and you may see a newer and better tag line.

CAPRIO: Here's another example of this straight-lining method of ours: For panel 1 I wrote, "I've got this great breakfast cereal and still my competitors are outselling me 10 to 1 — what can I do?"

HART: I sat around for a while and then came up with, "Well, for openers you could name them something besides 'Krappies'." We both fell down laughing at this but because people object to certain words, to protect myself I changed the line to "I've got this great breakfast cereal shaped like little fishies, with wild colors and flavors." Then we were able to use the funny line because of the fish (crappies).

CAPRIO: John has been adventurous in utilizing words — in fact he might have been the first to use the word 'broad' in a strip.

HART: I kept getting rejected when I used this word for years and years but just kept putting it in anyway. Of course there's been a change from the old days — then 'broad' meant 'prostitute', now it means just 'girl'.

HURD: Since you work so hard to get just the right words in the strips, does an editor ever change any of these?

HART: Contractually no one is allowed to change any of my work without my approval — and Jack and I do our own censoring. We work so hard to put words together, to make them flow, to make them funny, and to give them a poetic sense with a meter and all that.

CAPRIO: The timing in a gag is so important — the gag should flow from panel to panel — certain words should not be repeated because they draw on the gag and make it a little boring.

HART: We try to say it with fluidity so it has meter and it moves gracefully from one panel

THE WIZARD OF ID **by Brant parker and Johnny hart**

SIRE, OUR POPULATION IS INCREASING AT AN ALARMING RATE!
THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR TELLS US WE SHOULD SHOOT FOR A ZERO GROWTH RATE!
WHERE'VE THEY BEEN? ...THE MINISTRY OF WAR HAS BEEN SHOOTING FOR IT FOR YEARS.
3-16

© Field Enterprises, Inc., 1970

This photo indicates something of the Hart sense of humor. He had had preliminary discussions by phone and mail with Marathon Oil Company executives in connection with Marathon's advertising program but they had never met. Hart and Caprio finally flew out for a meeting and the oil company men were flabbergasted to find themselves greeting the two-farm boys dressed as you see them here. (Hart L.-Caprio R.) Included in the photo are Chuck Campbell, Bob Smith and Dick Fisher.

to the next. At the same time we try to reduce all the junk out of it, to bring it down to the most basic way of saying it so we don't become redundant. I've always had sort of a feeling about the way things are said — sort of a poetic feeling — my own idea of what is a classic way of saying something and what isn't. Most of this is directed at the humor end of things. I'm always editing jokes, trying to get them down a little more basically so the surprise comes at the end, so that I don't give the gag away in the middle, and so that it leads very gracefully, and unsuspectingly to a climactic word which cracks you up. By the way, I was always interested in simple poetry in school.

CAPRIO: In the case of something as simple as a single word, John is aware that it has a certain rhythm and rhyme to it. Tell them about our problem with the word 'cold-cock', John.

HART: It's a very funny word, found in the dictionary, meaning 'hit on the head or knock out', yet it also has sort of a vulgar sense. We used it in a strip and somebody at some newspaper called and said we couldn't use it. But we did. This was in 'Wizard of Id'. They were taking a poll, trying to find a girl whose foot fit in a glass slipper. Someone said, "You can try her sister, she's out in the field plowing. She'll probably get cold-cocked with the plow."

HURD: You've always been knee-deep in humor, haven't you?

HART: Jack and I met in the 7th grade and we surrounded ourselves with a lot of very funny guys. He and I, and Dick Boland, and a whole bunch of other freaky guys, spent all of our time trying to be funny — verbally and physically. I've always been a 'laugher'. My father had sort of a sarcastic sense of humor, and my mother was silly — she liked everything that was funny — she was always laughing. As a result of living with these two people all these years, you can see what happened to me. I appreciate all phases of humor — if a guy falls down a flight of stairs, it's funny, and this appreciation carries up to the subtlest form of humor too. If you spend a lifetime with humor, you begin to see that all things (all the serious things we do in life) are funny. If you really look at them and think about them, they're going to be funny, no matter what they are.

CAPRIO: I think we ought to add that previous stories have always lacked the basic reason for John's success — *his desire to be a cartoonist more than anything else in the world.* The money to him is *still* secondary. A lot of good cartoonists simply don't want to do it that much!

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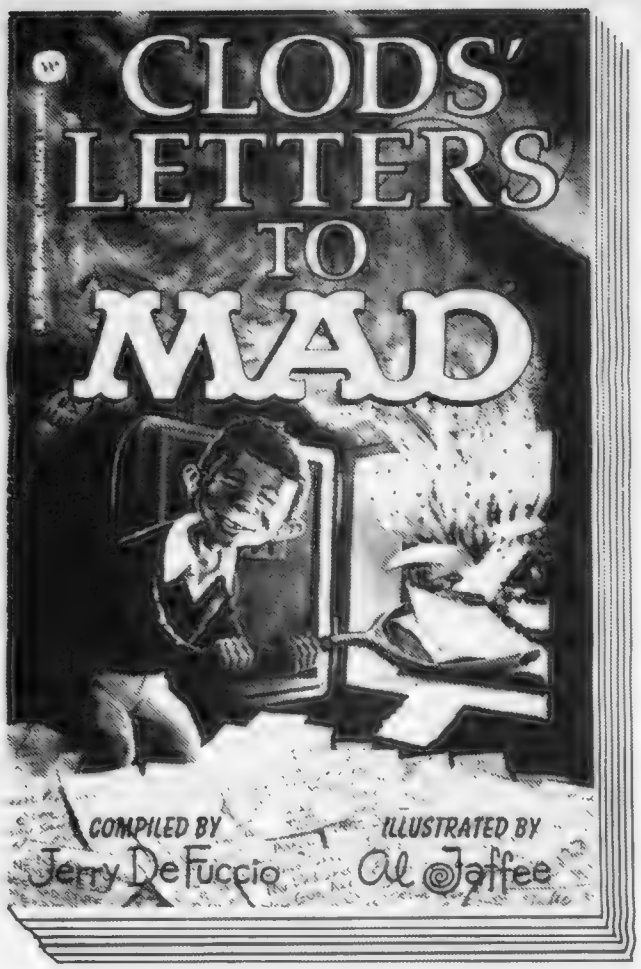

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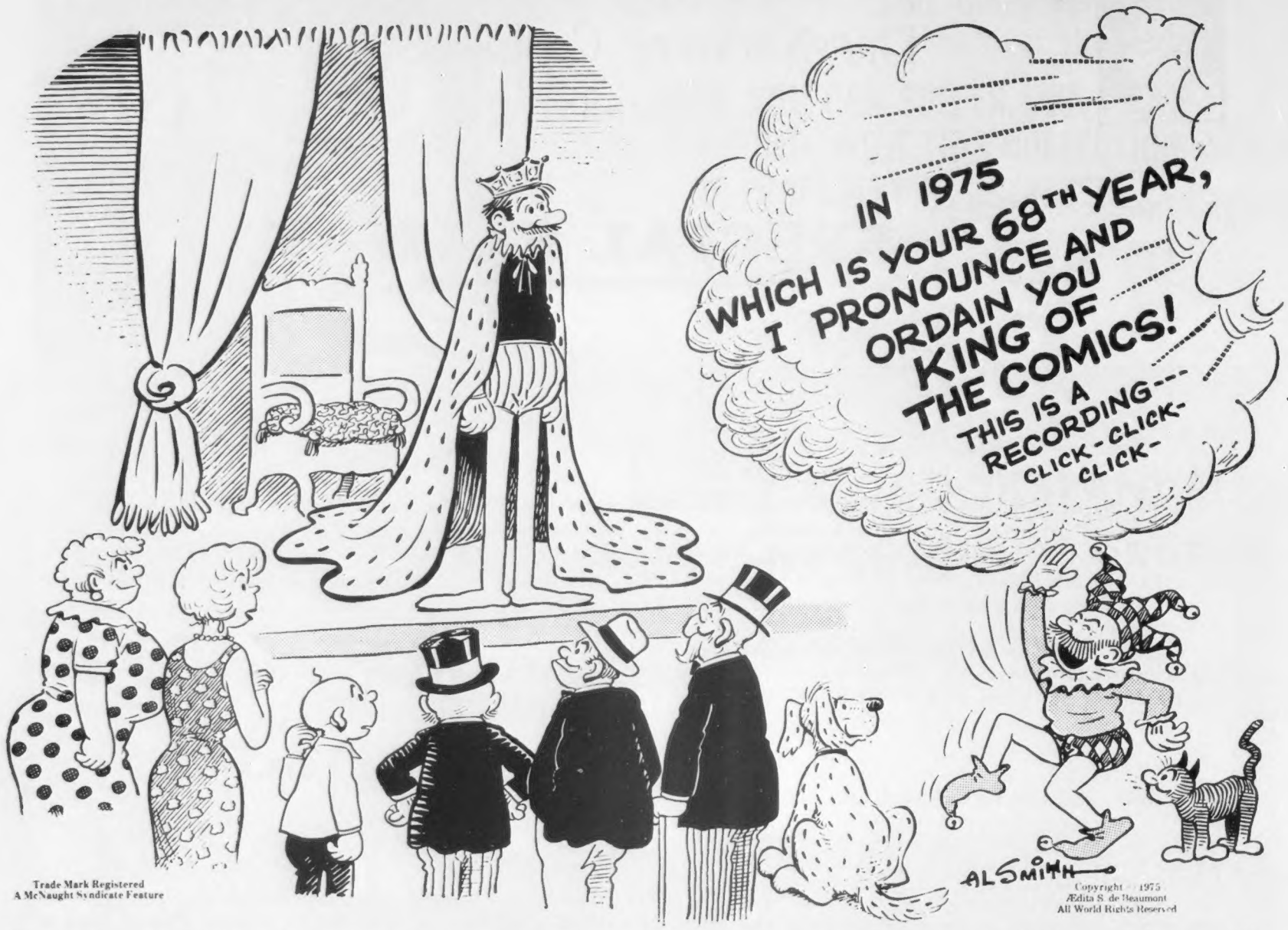
National Cartoonists Society

MUTT and JEFF



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Field Newspaper Syndicate
401 North Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
(312) 321-2795